THE COMMONWEAL

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BIG BILL IN THE CHINA SHOP

AT THE very beginning of any comment upon the Chicago case, The Commonweal would like to see a little order imparted into a situation that seems to it needlessly confused. To begin with, the charge that British propaganda has found its way into Chicago text-books may or may not be founded. In any case, it deserves examination by itself, and in a more dispassionate spirit than we have yet seen. Personally, we believe that those who bring forward no better evidence than isolated sentences, often separated from their context, are going to have a hard time to prove their case to the satisfaction of others who do not let international grudges inflame their judgment.

On more than one occasion The Commonweal has taken note of what looked like an unmistakable attempt to foster a "most favored nation" understanding between this country and Great Britain. When it judged this attempt to be based on something other than the duty all countries have to think the best of one another, and lacking in consideration for the many non-English (and non-Protestant) elements that enter into this country's contexture, it has not failed to point out the danger. "No conception," we said, as short a time ago as last April, "is so fraught with international peril . . . as the idea, from whatever quarter propagated, that American and English delegates come into every conference with an Anglo-Saxon gentleman's agreement between them, conscious or 'unconscious,' from which other parties to the discussion are excluded." But between this necessary warning and the belief that a concerted movement is at work, under British official auspices, to poison history at its source is a pretty long step to be asked to take. One very good answer is that work is seldom paid for which can be got done for nothing. Too many tendencies, racial and religious as well, are working entirely on their own toward some vague Anglo-Saxon and Protestant condominium, for paid agents to justify their salaries.

We also believe it well, in any discussion upon the Chicago imbroglio, to draw a very sharp line between school texts and the books to which the grown-up public have right of access in public libraries. No one in his senses thinks that children, at the dawn of the historical consciousness, should be put in possession of all the contentious issues that leading events in every country have always raised. Patriotism, self-sacrifice for country and heroism are the lessons which history has to teach the young. From no national record do they shine forth with more inspiring plenitude than from the annals of our Revolution. Presented without fear or reproach, the stories of Washington,

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of Patrick Henry, of Silas Deane and Benjamin Franklin, of the onset through the wilderness upon Quebec and Fort Ticonderoga, of Arnold's treachery and the swift counter-stroke that foiled it, have an epic grandeur that no disparagement will ever overtake. After all, it is the gold of national achievement that sticks in the memory, no matter what dross of personal motives may have been smelted from them in the crucible of a nation's dark and bitter hours. A certain school of historians will always be interested in tracing this residuum. To brand their work as useless, or as noxious, is to attack the basis of free inquiry upon which history depends for its credit. Nevertheless it seems to us (and we advance the principle with full consciousness of risking the charge of obscurantism to which, as Catholics we are fairly used) that expediency has its word to say. This particular function of history, perfectly legitimate in later years, may be less so at a period when comparative judgment is unformed. Disillusionment is part of the lesson that life teaches—must teach and cannot be estopped from teaching. But there is neither kindness nor reason in making the lesson a premature and precocious task.

And, for this very reason, any attempt to lay coarse and clumsy hands upon the deposit that ages have left us, to put "no thoroughfare" signs upon the byways that lead away from the high roads, to strip library shelves of their precious lading and pile it on bonfires, seems to us, no matter how plausible the pretext, a desperate and hateful piece of retrogression, and we do not wonder that it is stirring the intellectual conscience of America as nothing has stirred it since the Dayton case, to shame and alarm. It is only necessary to remove the whole incident from the atmosphere of Michigan—to imagine a Paris from which every record that reflected upon the motives of the men of the French Revolution was deleted, or a Dublin that made an auto da fé (and what an auto de fé!) of every slander upon the Irish name and cause catalogued in Trinity College—to realize the damage to American fair repute for which this bull in the Chicago china-shop and the satellites whom he has persuaded to join him in his onset, are making themselves responsible.

"Big Bill Thompson" is a popular executive in his amazing city, as his very nickname implies. Foreign observers have not failed to note that there is no other country where the term "big" is used so constantly as a term of affection as ours. Occasions there are, however, when the indulgence extended to the man of many kilos, the rapturous smile with which we regard his bulk and breeziness, turns to concern, and when we are less apt to congratulate ourselves on the credit his chest and waist measurement do us than to wish that his antics might be conducted in one of those places vaguely defined as "out of harm's way." For one of the characteristics of the out-size citizen seems to be the simplicity of his mind, and an inability to understand that what irritates him may be something worthy, on every count, of more delicate handling than he is capable of giving it.

As we write, there is news that legal measures, taken by the men whose patriotism has been blackened and impugned, are likely to remove the whole discreditable story from the smoke, noise and stench of city politics, and subject it to the considered judgment of citizens who have no political ax to grind. The relief to an intolerable situation cannot come too soon. But we hope that it will not pass without some light being thrown upon the whole story of the control exercised over education by politics. Whether the fathers of our country, when they drew up the Constitution upon whose lines our public life is lived, forgot the matter of education because they failed to see the importance it would one day assume, or because they believed it safeguarded implicitly by other clauses is matter of conjecture. What is not conjectural is the sad and bitter fact that education today lacks the corporate existence which gives other interests a standing before our courts. That parents do not turn over their children as wards to any civic educational system is doubtless true, just as parental control, in the last issue, is an American principle derived from the essence of human nature and the practice of all peoples. Fathers and mothers are still, in theory, free to protest against individual methods of teaching history, as they are free to protest against the invasions of religious sectarianism. But, in practice, they seldom constitute themselves judges, and are very ready to follow the suggestion that they are not competent to judge. Their interest in what the children are doing and learning, in the quality of their education as such, can easily be manipulated to serve the purposes of those who wish to divert part of the money and power that go with school management into the politician's campaign chest. Time and again, an educational outcry, raised by mayors and city councils, has meant nothing more, fundamentally, than a campaign to get jobs for "good fellows." Dozens of times "official" criticisms of textbooks have, at bottom, been nothing but schemes to acquire a "rake-off" from some favored publisher.

The fact that such things can happen is a weakness of educational America. We do not say that Mayor Thompson is giving a new demonstration of this weakness. But we do hope that, when all the stupid pother is over, the Chicago schools will be found to have abated no jot of the strength, the independence and the integrity for which they have, during recent years, acquired a deserved reputation. While awaiting this hoped-for consummation it is the clear duty of any journal which, in the words of a recent correspondent upon this very subject, "stands out preëminently as the advocate of an intelligent understanding of all sides of a controversy" to place the Chicago tragi-comedy in its true perspective as one more battle in the campaign where the high-minded and the high-handed seem to be ranged on opposing fronts.

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WEEK BY WEEK

A TREATY to be signed very soon between France and Yugoslavia completes the series of "regional agreements" by means of which the Paris government has sought to guarantee national safety. Something like a cordon of affiliated peoples now encircles Teutonic central Europe; and while it does not insure military coöperation in time of stress, it at least creates a "neutral zone," violation of which would be equivalent to a declaration of hostilities. Such an arrangement may seem to scorn the concept of solidarity about which there has been so much hopeful talk. Nevertheless, as things are now the plan seems beneficial. Granted a French government which adheres to the broad lines of a conciliatory policy, there is virtue in alliances which promise that security upon which the French public mind has so vigorously insisted. It is also true that any bond tending to bring some of the newer countries into a friendly relationship will do good by destroying suspicion of others, creating a sense of safety and breaking down tariff walls. Meanwhile there is every reason to believe that, although Germany has not been in a position to bring about a "political association" with those portions of the old Austro-Hungarian empire friendly to it, commercial and social friendliness is progressing. Here, too, a step can be taken in the right direction. After all, international organization of this type has no great military value. Its value is quite genuinely a matter of coöperative virtue. Properly understood, it can give support to the League of Nations idea.

BIT after bit, news of what is actually taking place in Mexico is leaking through the artificial barricade against truth that has been established in the United States. In an interview given to the New York Times, José Elguero, leading editorial writer for the Mexico City Excelsior and one of the most highly respected journalists in Hispanic America, gave utterance to some things which he had not previously been allowed to say. "Hundreds," he declared, "have been killed for no reason. Civilians as well as military officials who have been retired from the army for years have been slaughtered without trial. The press in Mexico has been threatened and muzzled continually, and some writers have been killed." We have no desire to reprint the whole of Señor Elguero's gloomy and harrowing story. It is important, however, to note, one of his conclusions: "I am sure the American government, if it knew the facts, would not permit such outrages." Unfortunately the government does know. The press of the United States knows. We all know, more or less, in proportion to the interest we have taken in the matter. But the government is powerless just as the press is chained, for reasons which no one is brave enough to analyze frankly, and which must some day figure in the history of one of the most notorious episodes in our annals.

A VERDICT of acquittal has virtually made Samuel Schwartzbard, assassin of ex-President Petlura of Ukraine, a racial hero. Evidence submitted at the trial did not, if we are to credit the press despatches, establish Petlura's responsibility for anti-Jewish outrages in the Ukraine; but it presented so long and startling a narrative of those outrages that the civilized world may well gaze at the news in horror. Throughout Europe the lot of the Hebrew race is not now a pleasant one. Riots in Budapest, during the course of which university students pummeled a number of Jews, are mere samples of what is happening everywhere among the "newer nations" of the Continent. Intensely nationalistic public opinion cannot reconcile itself with the international trend of the Semitic mind, and tends to accuse this of fomenting whatever is evil in prevailing social tendencies. That individual representatives of the race have, on occasion, brought hatred and contempt upon the heads of their fellows goes without saying. It ought to be perfectly clear, however, that neither capitalism nor socialism, neither revolution nor tyranny, can be traced to anybody excepting the "European man" himself. Indeed a notable German Catholic writer, Theodore Haecker, goes so far as to say that if the Jewish "cement" were extracted from Europe, nationalistic and social groups would devour each other more zealously than they do now. That is: the Christian recipe for pacification and mutual understanding, as promulgated by the Church—social justice, restraint of capitalistic autoc-

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racy and of communistic aspiration, modification of national ambition—has been ignored to such an extent that the "international bond" created by the Jews as a race has become well-nigh indispensable. One may form whatever opinion of this theory one wishes. Absolutely certain, however, is the barbarous and inhuman character of contemporary anti-Semitism.

AUSTRALIA is already preparing for the next Eucharistic Congress, to be held in Sydney during September, 1928. Pope Pius XI has announced that the theme chosen for the general discourse is "The Blessed Eucharist and Our Lady"—a subject which resumes in a phrase the deepest and most abiding realities of Catholic belief. Saints and scholars have speculated upon it; the multitude of Christian worshippers has accepted it reverently, knowing that it indicates sources of light and strength which none can draw near to without being influenced for good. Meanwhile the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, knowing that the enthusiasm kindled at Chicago so recently has not abated, propose a "spiritual bouquet," of 100,000,000 prayers, alms-offerings, and other deeds of grace, to be tendered by Catholics in the United States when the next Eucharistic Congress opens. The date, September 8, is that of the Nativity of Our Lady, a most appropriate occasion. No doubt there will be many ready to assume the work of propagating interest in this testimonial. Who will stand apart when the hallowed cry, "God and Our Lady!" resounds, not in armed strife but in a magnificent effort to restore peace and virtue to a troubled world?

PUBLIC utterances by two prominent Protestant churchmen of Connecticut have been heralded widely as indicating what the attitude toward Governor Smith as a presidential candidate is likely to be outside his own Church and circle. The Reverend Morris E. Alling, secretary of the Connecticut Federation of Churches, averred that he had "never met a Catholic, clerical or lay, who has not rejoiced with me that in this country we have full religious toleration and separation of church and state." He also expressed the opinion that raising the question of Catholic fitness for the Presidency was "beneath us." The Reverend Franklin Kennedy, pastor of a well-known New Haven Methodist Episcopal congregation, declared himself in favor of judging Governor Smith "utterly without prejudice on the score of his religion." He held, however, to the necessity for judging him "on his record as regards his attitude toward the Constitution of the nation, and as to whether or not he ever gave expression to a national policy that rose above the provincial mind of the sidewalks of New York." As a recipe for an intelligent point of view regarding the most widely discussed candidate of a generation, this statement may be recommended to Catholics as well. After all, it needs to be borne in mind that if Governor Smith should be eliminated from the race, it might be for other than purely religious reasons—although these will, no doubt, play their part.

MAMMON, like every other religion, has its martyrs, and James Moore, of no particular address, seems designed for a niche all his own. Found sleeping in the subway, in the condition described on police blotters as "neglected," and charged at the Washington Heights Court, James proved to have solved the economic problem of living on nothing so thoroughly that a large proportion of front-page space has been given up to his case. By day, evidence purported to show, he worked as a plasterer's mixer, evenings he washed dishes for his keep, and at night, when all banks are closed, there was always the subway. Subsequent evidence has put a better appearance on James's case, and friends have been found in whom what the press terms an "abnormal thrift" has awakened a responsive thrill. All the same, we refuse to join the chorus that is trying to convict Magistrate Farrell of misplaced severity for his now suspended sentence. The plea that Moore was occasionally helping parents in Massachusetts does not take all the strangeness from deposits in two banks by a homeless youth. Everything, even the worship of the golden calf, has two sides. Avarice is avarice, whether it means grinding the faces of the poor or turning one's back on decent living in the present for the sake of accumulations in the future. The breed of misers is rare among us as yet, and we think it a very good thing to put on the list of prohibited imports.

WHILE upon the topic of money, in small and great sums, it is not out of place to speak a word upon a recent report presented by Mr. Gilbert Elliott, of the firm of Gilbert Elliott and Company, "bank stock specialists," on the subject nearest his heart. Mr. Elliott foresees a day when the expansion of big banks at New York, Chicago, San Francisco and other leading cities will have grown until branches of their enterprise "cover the country." He makes no secret of his wish that the day be speeded. Before subscribing too whole-heartedly to his views we would like to see some inquiry upon the comparative well-being in countries where his system has been thoroughly established, undertaken by a more impartial hand than his. Not so long ago The Commonweal had occasion, in its editorial column, to refer to a complaint in the Irish Statesman upon the way economic recovery was being retarded in "the sister island" by dear money, which the writer charged directly to the operations of the joint stock banks that control the situation. "They are content," said Mr. F. F. Barry, "to pay 2 percent to their depositors and 16 percent or more to their shareholders. We maintain this is unsound."

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MR. ELLIOTT refers feelingly to the recent "catastrophic failures of small banks in the West and South," from which a sound system of banking, divorced by distance, we presume, from the community spirit that brings loans on speculative security, would have saved the depositors. But how much these smaller banking fry have contributed to the fluidity of capital by daring to take character and ambition as assets, he does not, at least in any report we have seen, stop to consider. Such imponderables probably seem trivial affairs when brought into the hushed sanctums where directors of joint stock banks make good and bad financial weather for those hundreds of miles away. But we believe, and will believe till more convincing evidence than a mere counting of the dead changes our minds, that their recognition as collateral has been an intrinsic factor in creating the prosperity that the world at large so envies in America, and quite frankly, we shall be sorry if ever financial exigencies beyond our ken sweep them away, and bring our whole banking system into line with that of Europe and Canada.

"WILL there be windows in the bedrooms?" was the question put by a little child to somebody who announced that the city of New York intended to replace dilapidated tenements with more modern dwelling-places. The inquiry is touching not merely because it lets us see what many of the poor have done without, but also because it lifts the veil a little from the child's dream of home. Light, glimpses of the sun and moon, a touch of mother earth in green or white—how far these simple realities go toward endearing one to the spot where life in its most intimate style goes by! We hope that programs of housing reform now being discussed in so many cities can all be carried through, and that some attention will be paid to the subtler human needs. It has been instructive to note the kind of complaint which in London has followed schemes to raze blocks of little houses and replace them with "model" tenements. A man writes to the Spectator, declaring that World's End is "full of pigeon fanciers," that in less favored parts "dahlias bloom and vines bear fruit, in spite of the soots that fall heavily from the four great chimneys of Chelsea." Why, he wonders, must "enthusiasm for model housing" forget these homely realities and insist upon the cheerlessness of "workmen's flats"? All of which leads Elizabeth Cobb to hope that "all who understand the value of small houses will join in protesting that, where they already exist, they shall not be done away with." Indeed, her desire ought to be inspiring to Americans also, lest the wish to do some good on a grand scale rob many of the little things out of which the joy of life is made for very many families.

"THERE are three courses which can be taken to oppose the evil use of the stage," Bishop William T. Manning said thoughtfully to the members of the Church and Drama Association who had assembled for a first annual conference dinner in New York City. "One is to denounce the theatre as wholly evil and the work of the devil. The objection to this is that it is ineffective, unintelligent and untrue. Second, we can condemn that which is vile and corrupting. It is our duty to do this, and in spite of all the difficulties we can do it. But the truest and most effective way of opposing evil on the stage is to give our strong and positive support to plays that are wholesome and good." Father Francis Duffy emphasized particularly the second of these "ways," urging that, just as people will not put up with attacks upon their racial and national selves, so also they oppose "as effectively attacks on decency and right living." One may well believe that the Church and Drama Association is a very good thing and that it is bound to prosper. It supplies a nucleus for hitherto unassembled forces making for a better stage, and (if the remarks we have quoted are any indication) it is developing a sane theoretical doctrine upon the basis of which achievement ought not to prove too difficult.

A GENTLEMAN who ought to know, Mr. Oscar Meyer, declares that purchasers of meat uniformly tend to agree with the head of the Jack Spratt family. The leaner the loin, the more delighted the customer is. Mr. Meyer is inclined to fix the blame upon the "universal yearning for a more classic contour, the increase in sedentary work and the diminution of hard labor." We are not irresistibly convinced, however, that the meagreness of our meat is altogether an index to rising civilization. It is only comparatively recently that mankind has developed the art of fattening beeves and porkers "for the table only." There is every reason to believe that the roasts and steaks which our more ravenous ancestors consumed were carved from athletic animals, and possessed not a little of the toughness still noticeable in venison. What every little town in the Middle-West now celebrates as "Christmas beef"—deliciously tender meat streaked with fat—is probably the peak of development in the cattle-raiser's art. Thought, care and excellent materials went into the creation of that product. Has it outstripped our civilization or is it headed in the opposite direction? At any rate one feels that the present attitude is determined to a considerable extent by the inability of modern cooking thoroughly and whole-heartedly to embrace its opportunities.

WRITING in the Shield, Sister Mary Canisius recalls an episode from Kentucky history which is heartening these days. A Catholic who had been proposed as a candidate for speaker of the state assembly was advised by friends (this was during 1926) to withdraw his name because of the antagonism of a group of Klansmen. Then a tall mountaineer representative arose and said: "Brother, don't ye withdraw. They

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can't defeat ye without the votes of us mountain people, and there ain't a man in the mountains yaller enough to go ag'in ye on account of your religion." The protest was effective and a few days later the mountaineer was called upon to explain his action. "In my district we are mostly of Irish descent, and I reckon we ought 'a' been Catholics. Might' nigh all the hill people, though, are Baptist, or Methodist, or Campbellites, because these folks came among us and taught us their way of belief. We-uns would 'a' been glad to have learned the Catholic way, too, but nobody brought us the message." It is a simple speech and yet it contains a vast deal. The "message," had it been possible to bring it, would not only have fortified the descendants of sturdy Catholic ancestors in the Faith, but would have strengthened that sense of respect for the spiritual convictions of others which is so sadly missing now. We are glad to know that, as Sister Mary Canisius informs us, the Catholic missions in the mountains have been reorganized, and that nuns are conducting summer schools for a share of the population of the hill country.

TO THOSE who met or heard the Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh during his visit to America last year to take part in the Eucharistic Congress, the news of his death will come as a personal loss. Both the person and the record of the primate of all Ireland were impressive. The tall figure, the kindling eye and the golden voice lost nothing of their effect even upon lukewarm friends of Ireland and Ireland's faith, by the knowledge that the great prelate had been the untiring friend of his people through good report and ill for forty years, and that his abiding charity to all men was consistent with the ardent love of country natural to the man in whose veins ran the blood of Ireland's great champion earl of the North. He was, as the Catholic Transcript well puts it, "a patriot without demanding the suicide of the nation to whose highest interests he was irrevocably dedicated."

THE OVERWHELMING TRUTH

A CORRESPONDENT to the Brooklyn Tablet has raised an interesting and complex question. Commenting upon one of the historical articles by Mr. Hilaire Belloc now being syndicated in Catholic newspapers, she disagreed bitterly with an opinion regarding the relations between Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots. In fact she declared that Mr. Belloc had afforded "great consolation to those who are seeking some Protestant saints to fill the niches of the cathedral of Saint John the Divine." We are not interested in asserting that Protestant saints may exist (in the soul of the Church as doctrine says) or in deciding as to whether the historical conclusions put forth by Mr. Belloc are just and tenable. The point is rather another matter raised by the correspondent in question: "All in all, it seems to me that Mr. Belloc's articles are very unsuited to the general reader like myself and my friends; they require the learning of scholars who can offset his bald facts or half facts with their knowledge of history."

One respects this opinion. It has been shared in all ages by sincere and reputable people who viewed "facts" as things having primarily an apologetic value. Fundamentally it is derivative from a state of mind holding fast to three principles: faith reposes upon authority, and to be told that this authority has erred in one respect is to lose one's confidence in its other assertions; the "average person," by which is meant the every-day believer, ought not to be told anything that will weaken his sense of reverence; and the scholar himself ought not to respect "facts" as they are, but color them with an apologetic purpose. There is much to be said for these principles. A doctor, for instance, does not, as a rule, reveal the seriousness of a patient's condition to the patient himself. And the Church, familiar with human nature, has frequently held new knowledge and theory in reserve until the minds of the faithful had been adjusted to these things. That is why early pronouncements on such subjects as evolution by Catholic thinkers were withheld for a time from schools under ecclesiastical control. A scholar may feel impatient with these measures of precaution, but he needs to bear in mind that throwing a fact at a person off his guard may do serious injury. Notice, for instance, the fright which many good, simple people have taken at pictures of pre-historic man.

On the other hand, this caution may go much too far. We live in a scientific age; and the Catholic scientist must abide by the rules of the game. Indeed he is urged to do so by the Church itself, which has eagerly blessed institutes of research and (for example) has encouraged men like Finke and Pastor to write their histories. He knows that his faith will not suffer from any species of truth, and he realizes also that telling an untruth, either by direct statement or by implication, is a sin in the eyes of the Church as well as in the eyes of science. Painting a false picture for apologetic reasons is actually using "means to an end." This is particularly true in the study of history, because the canons of this subject are rendering it more and more easy to detect a deliberate and biased misstatement. How can a reputable historian put on paper what his conscientious researches have convinced him is not true?

The proper ethical norm, therefore, seems to be relatively clear. A historian is concerned with the record of human nature; and if he is a chronicler of the Catholic Church, his business is to discern how far that nature was affected by that Church. To the extent that the ideal set by the Faith was not realized, he must courageously admit the defects. He must not, however, go out of his way to make the hiatus lurid, because that would destroy the perspective; and he must not strain every muscle to reduce it to nothing because that would be distorting the picture. It is a job calling

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for a great deal of tact, courage and wisdom. Few people can perform it perfectly; but when Catholics have a man as good and conscientious as Hilaire Belloc, they ought honestly to rejoice in the fact.

After all has been said and done, American Catholics have a splendid opportunity to get the right view of those portions of European history which touch upon their religion. The old world was too prone to read into the story some special point of view dictated not so much by religious fervor as by nationalistic impulse. Who can doubt, for example, that the portion of Mr. Belloc's argument now under question—the relation between the two Queens—has been visualized through spectacles colored by national prejudice? Elizabeth's war with Spain necessarily influenced the supporters of Phillip II to cast all the blame upon her for the progress of unfortunate Mary. Perhaps she was to blame. But the Church, which embraces all peoples, can only be interested in knowing the truth. Since, as a matter of fact, the Holy See in our time has set its foot so resolutely upon the great serpent of nationalistic hate, there exists more reason than ever before for ironing from our picture of the past such views as were engendered by that hate.

The United States, as we have said, is in a singularly fortunate position regarding the whole problem. And we believe that if Catholics here determined vigorously to aid the papal effort by practising an "international attitude" toward history as well as toward the contemporary world, they would render invaluable aid in a crusade that, in the opinion of Rome itself, is one of the most necessary and sacred in the long story of mankind—a crusade for peace between peoples.

A PLEA FOR PATRONS

IN SOME quarters President Coolidge's recent speech at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh has been used for an argument in support of the capitalistic system as being necessarily the most perfect foundation of society—certainly of society as it is constituted today. We doubt whether the words in question can be read correctly in any such sense. Probably it is true that the President, in common with many others whose views on economic questions are colored by the theology of John Calvin, is inclined, like the Jews of the old dispensation, to regard worldly prosperity, both of individuals and of nations, as in itself proof of moral righteousness. Which is a highly debatable point. It is also true that high praise bestowed upon the public service given by sundry rich men who have used their wealth, as Andrew Carnegie did, in founding museums or libraries, or in encouraging similar cultural enterprises, may be regarded as one-sided, to say the least. It is not in the things which a people divorced from beauty may gaze at through glass or at the distance of a brass rail, but in the comeliness of the things which they own, touch and handle, that art finds its justification. And those who are working, however humbly, to restore this sense of possession, corporate or personal, are beauty's real benefactors, rather than the big collectors whose taste too often is deputized, and whose wealth is at times more a menace than an opportunity for social service.

But the President himself laid the true emphasis on the matter when he said that, "the question for the determination of the American people is no longer whether they will be able to secure prosperity, but rather what use they will make of their prosperity. It is only in its use that we can justify its existence. The answer will undoubtedly be found in religion, the education, and the art of the people." In this passage the President expresses a fundamental tenet of Christian and Catholic sociology, namely, that the private possession of large property and wealth is only justified by the good use made of it by its possessors, by the practice as well as the profession of the idea of stewardship, by the conception of wealth as an instrument of service to the community as well as to its personal owners.

Mr. Coolidge went on to say that a man like Andrew Carnegie was an example of a class of modern Americans who, having inherited or won wealth, have devoted a fair proportion of it to the fostering and building up of education, art and letters. He showed how many rich men were supporting religious institutions, endowing colleges, organizing orchestras, encouraging painting and scholarship, aiding philanthropy, furnishing architects with opportunities to do more than merely copy the masterpieces of the past. In this view the President is supported by one so far removed from him in political philosophy as Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, the editor of the Nation, who in a recent article in Harper's Magazine points out the duty of wealth to public service. Mr. Villard does not go so far as President Coolidge in awarding praise to the rich men who already have seen their duty in that respect, confining himself more strictly to criticism of those members of the leisure class who neglect such duties.

Both the President's speech and Mr. Villard's article should be studied by our Catholic people of wealth. All students of history know how greatly the arts, including literature and the press, have benefited by enlightened patronage. They remember in particular how the great artists, architects, musicians, philosophers and poets, whose names are among the glories of the Catholic Church and whose works are pillars of Western civilization, were encouraged and supported by enlightened patronage during the ages of faith. While the Catholic rich cannot be accused of lack of generosity in contributing of their abundance to the charitable and educational works of the Church, it remains true that they are not so conspicuous as their growing numbers and means would lead us to suppose they might well be, in purely cultural efforts. Yet therein lies a great opportunity, not only for them and the religion they profess, but for the civilization of which their Church is so strong a support.

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THE MOTHER-IN-LAW OF THE STATES

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

LET the imagination picture a vast cage coterminous with the north wing of the Capitol at Washington. In that cage see two giant squirrel wheels revolving furiously in opposite directions, propelled respectively by a much perturbed elephant and a panting but determined donkey. Such is the scene to be presented when the Senate of these United States assembles on December 5 for the opening of the Seventieth Congress. Already the bearings of the wheels are being oiled and the bars of the cage tightened—and both elephant and donkey are in rigid training for their treadmill performance. For this is to be a performance of some considerable duration. The Capitol is subject, exclusively, to the control of Congress and there will be no interference by either the S.P.C.A. or any other agency until the Senate has decided the cases of William S. Vare of Pennsylvania and Frank L. Smith of Illinois.

In the Republican primary in Pennsylvania in 1926, Mr. Vare defeated Senator George Wharton Pepper and Governor Gifford Pinchot in the race for the nomination for United States Senator. A few weeks later a senatorial committee headed by Senator Reed of Missouri investigated the Pennsylvania primary and disclosed expenditures on behalf of the three Republican aspirants totaling approximately $3,000,000. There were loud outcries of "corruption" from the Democrats and a few half-hearted retorts from the Republicans. Time followed its usual practice and passed, and in the election of 1926 the voters of Pennsylvania chose Mr. Vare by a majority of 173,507 votes, according to the official returns, of which more later. Mr. Vare's Democratic opponent was Mr. William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor under President Wilson. Although Mr. Wilson was also called before the Reed Committee and quizzed regarding his campaign expenses—which totaled about $10,000—there was never any question raised about possible corruption in the Democratic primary; probably because no one would have the temerity to suggest that a Democratic nomination in Pennsylvania would be worth buying. After the election the Reed Committee filed a report covering the Pennsylvania situation, and several Democratic Senators announced that motions would be made to deny Mr. Vare his seat on the ground that there had been corruption in the primary. Then Mr. Wilson filed a contest on the ground that fraudulent practices had been followed in the election, and his case was referred to the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, where it now reposes. A filibuster during the closing days of the last session prevented the Senate from voting on a resolution to extend the life of the Reed Committee for the purpose, among other things, of impounding the ballots in the Vare-Wilson election outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, the ballots of these cities having already been impounded.

The Smith case differs from the Vare case in that there has been no question raised as to the accuracy of the returns in the election in which Mr. Smith defeated Mr. George Brennan, the Democratic nominee for the Senate. However, there is a charge based on revelations made by the Reed Committee's investigation that, in the Republican primary in which Mr. Smith defeated the late Senator McKinley, there were large contributions to the Smith campaign chest from sources close to the great public utility interests in Chicago—interests which might be expected to be anxious for Mr. Smith's friendship, since he was chairman of the Illinois Commerce Commission which has jurisdiction over public utilities. Very soon after the election Senator McKinley died, and the Governor of Illinois thereupon appointed Mr. Smith to fill out the late Senator's unexpired term. Against the advice of Republican leaders in the Senate, Mr. Smith arrived in Washington last February to present his certificate of appointment—and the Senate promptly voted to have him stand aside, refusing to allow him to take the oath of office until the Committee on Privileges and Elections had passed on his case. This Committee, as it was intended it should do, delayed its report until the session ended, and Mr. Smith never took his seat in the Senate.

The Senate's refusal to seat Mr. Smith during the closing days of the Sixty-ninth Congress was not of great consequence, except to Mr. Smith, although there were Senators who declared it to be an outrage for a man to be refused admission when he presented an unchallenged certificate of appointment from his Governor. Be that as it may, it is academic now. But the fate of Mr. Smith and Mr. Vare during the Congress which convenes in December is fraught with political consequences the practical importance of which is very far from being negligible.

On paper, the Senate which meets in December is composed of forty-eight Republicans, forty-seven Democrats, and Senator Shipstead, who was elected by the now moribund Farmer-Labor party. However, the forty-eight Republicans include Mr. Smith and Mr. Vare who, according to the Democrats and some Republicans, will never be seated. Unless and until they are seated they cannot vote, which means that they cannot vote on the organization of the Senate. Thus the Republicans will be unable to retain their committee chairmanships and control of the committees unless Senator Shipstead elects to vote with them. It is regarded as probable that he will do so, which would give the Republicans forty-seven votes to match with

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the Democrats, and Vice-President Dawes would be called upon to vote to break the tie.

So the Republicans probably will win the first battle and organize the Senate, particularly since the Democrats seem inclined to the view that it would be bad politics to seize power themselves even if they could do so. They feel it would give the administration a convenient alibi for the failure of any proposed legislation.

It is by no means impossible that the organization of the Senate will be delayed for several days, or even several weeks, by the Smith and Vare cases. The swearing in of new Senators comes before the organization of committees and the right of a Senator to his seat is a matter of the highest privilege under the rules of the Senate. Such a question cannot be displaced until disposed of. Several Senators have expressed the opinion that Smith will be summarily rejected and the Vare-Wilson contest referred to a committee, thus clearing the way for other action. But a motion to reject Smith is debatable, and so is a motion to refer the Vare-Wilson contest to a committee. And senatorial endurance in debate is a marvelous thing.

Assuming, however, that the Senate does organize itself without undue delay, several very interesting questions will then arise and their solution will be impeded because very few Senators on either side seem to be very definite in their ideas as to how they should be solved. There is a concurrence of Democrats that Smith should not be allowed to retain his seat, and a general acquiescence among the Republicans that he will not be allowed to do so. But should he be allowed to take the oath of office and then be expelled? "Yes," say the Republican old guard, mindful that a two-thirds vote is required to expel a member. "No," say the Democrats, mindful of the same requirement. A few Senators, including Senator Borah of Idaho, a very able constitutional lawyer, say that a two-thirds vote is not required to disqualify a Senator for acts committed before he took his seat in the Senate. They say he may be removed by a majority vote on a resolution declaring he "is not entitled to his seat." This was the procedure in the Lorimer case, according to Senator Borah. But the Democrats are not inclined to take any chances by letting Mr. Smith in and then trying to get him out. And it was very clearly demonstrated during the last session that, regardless of the right or wrong of the matter, Mr. Smith will not take a seat in the Senate during the Seventieth Congress.

But suppose the Senate does vote to exclude Mr. Smith, what then? He will not have been expelled. He will not be dead. He will not have resigned. Will the seat to which he was elected and appointed be vacant? The anti-Smith Senators say it will be vacant and the Governor of Illinois will then be called upon to appoint a successor. But the Smith men say a seat in the Senate can be vacated only by the death, resignation or expulsion of a member and that, regardless of whether or not he may be allowed to take the oath of office, Mr. Smith is a Senator from Illinois for six years beginning March 4, 1927.

From responsible sources close to Mr. Smith it is asserted that if he is not seated by the Seventieth Congress he will retain his certificate of election and present it again in 1929 and 1931. If so, what becomes of the right of Illinois to equal representation in the Senate—a right which cannot be taken away from any State without its own consent? There is, of course, the possibility also that Mr. Smith might resign after having been refused admission and might then be reappointed by the Governor of Illinois. Then would arise the question of whether or not the Senate may exclude a member-elect or a member-designate on the ground that he is not considered fit to be a member of the Senate. Senator Walsh of Montana, during the hearings on the case of Senator Gould of Maine in the last session, contended that the Senate may exclude a man for any reason which the Senate deems valid—including religious belief, Senator Walsh declared in response to a question from Senator Shortridge of California. As a real matter of practice, it is obvious that the Senate can take any action it wishes with respect to its own members or those seeking admission. There is no power short of military force—and that would be an usurped power—in the executive branch of the government to interfere, and the Supreme Court has found by experience that mandates directed to other branches of the government respecting the exercise of powers delegated to them by the Constitution, receive scant attention. So much for the Smith case.

In the Vare case, the situation is complicated by the election contest filed by Mr. Wilson. It would be easy enough for the Democrats and the progressive Republicans to exclude Mr. Vare on grounds connected with excessive expenditures in the primary preceding his election. But if Mr. Vare is excluded summarily, how can Mr. Wilson contest for Mr. Vare's seat? Some Democratic Senators, entranced at the prospect of a Democratic Senator from Pennsylvania, are trying to figure out a method of procedure whereby both the Vare-Wilson contest and the question of Mr. Vare's intrinsic eligibility may be referred to a committee at the outset, and a decision on the latter question postponed pending a determination of the contest. There is a strong temptation in this prospect, for if Mr. Wilson should be seated, the Democrats would then have forty-eight members of the Senate and the Republicans forty-seven, the latter figure including the presumably Republican Senator who would be appointed by the Governor of Illinois if Mr. Smith is excluded. Since Senator Shipstead seldom votes with the Republicans except on the organization of the Senate, the Democrats would then have a majority.

However, to delay action on the exclusion of Mr. Vare until the 1,504,696 ballots that were cast in the Pennsylvania election be counted, would deprive Pennsylvania of her equal representation in the Senate

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for a considerable time. The Steck-Brookhart contest and the contest filed against the seating of Senator Mayfield of Texas, both of recent senatorial history, each consumed nearly a year, and in neither of these cases was there anything like the number of ballots to be counted that there are in the Vare-Wilson contest. Besides, leading Democrats in the Senate are not loath to admit privately that they "don't think much of Wilson's chances anyway." So there is some hesitancy about postponing the rejection of Mr. Vare on the remote possibility that Mr. Wilson might be seated.

By way of introducing an entirely superfluous monkey-wrench into the gear-box there has been a rumor circulated recently in Washington to the effect that Mr. Vare and Mr. Smith have taken the senatorial bull by the horns and have gone before a notary public or some similar officer and taken the oaths prescribed for Senators. According to this hypothesis, they will now set up the claim that, having taken the oath of office, they may be removed only by a two-thirds vote—that required for expulsion. At least one Republican Senator has expressed the opinion that an oath taken under such circumstances would be valid; and several Democrats have said it would be ridiculous. The rules of the Senate prescribe that the oath must be taken in the open Senate but the law which prescribes the oath itself is silent as to when and where it must be taken. There is a neat constitutional question raised here, although the Senate undoubtedly would ignore an oath administered in a manner other than that contemplated by its own rules.

And so the talk goes on. The humble squirrel in his wheel usually thinks he knows where he wants to go; but the elephant and the donkey do not. When the Senate of the United States set itself up as the official mother-in-law of the forty-eight States, there is no question that it started something.

IS DEMOCRACY BREAKING DOWN?

By WILLIAM ORTON

IT WAS a Russian—Merejkowski—who said, "They alone are strong who, seeing one truth, are blind to all other." In touching the characteristic weakness of the Russian intelligentsia he suggested very aptly one of the chief sources of Anglo-Saxon strength. There are a good many occasions in history when it is difficult to distinguish deliberate singleness of purpose from sheer inability to conceive of any alternative. Nations that have been unable to achieve the former have sometimes got along in much the same direction by virtue of their limitations; until at last the limitations become a source of conscious pride. Thus nothing is more difficult than to convince the average Anglo-Saxon that a man who denies his pet dogmas or disavows his pet institutions is not ipso facto either fool or knave. He himself will ignore them freely when it suits his convenience. Britain, for example, built up the empire, and still conducts her foreign policy, with less than lip service to democratic doctrine; and a distinguished historian has recently eulogized the United States on account of its being "the strongest monarchy on earth." But none the less a frank statement of the case against democracy is apt to be received with a mixture of incredulity and indignation.

It is not, therefore, in the hope of securing conviction that one would pose as devil's (or duce's) advocate. Such claim as the case has to a hearing would lie (apart from the remote possibility of there being something in it) in its ability to shed light on the mentality of those strange heretics, numbering two hundred odd million—the Russians, the Magyars, the Greeks, the Spaniards, the Italians, to say nothing of various sects nearer home—who exhibit a certain imperviousness to the dominant crowd absolutes and popular stereotypes. Accordingly, clad in the cork waistcoat of self-sufficiency, let us risk a voyage of enlightenment.

The lie of the land is worth noting at the outset. Democracy, it appears, has succeeded only in old and rich nations, where drastic changes of circumstance, hairbreadth risks, momentous quick decisions, are infrequent interruptions of a normal life. Should one conclude, therefore, that it is the divine product of a peculiar gestation, manifesting a logos unvisited upon ruder folk? Or that the political felicity of the West is balanced in an equilibrium rather precariously unstable? Truth, as usual, flirts with both alternatives; but there are glimpses that seem to favor the latter.

In sober fact, western polity slipped into the democratic cast more by accident than design, with scarcely a pause for objective examination of the course it was taking. The general idea is capable of many different interpretations, choice among which was determined by chance rather than by forethought; and chance is not necessarily on the side of humanity. The procedure of election, for example, which we regard as essentially democratic, has served all sorts of functions. There is a sense in which the kings of England are, and have always been, elective; while the election of a President of the United States bears perhaps more resemblance to that of a Holy Roman emperor than to the choice of a school committeeman in the townships of New England. Conversely, the general theory of democracy is only just beginning to connect with the scientific study of fact and behavior; and as with the general theories of eco-

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nomics and of psychology, important modifications may be called for, in consequence.

Consider how it arose. There is first the stage —going back in England to at least the time of King Knut—of assent to the induction of a particular person to an office of accepted traditional authority; sometimes accompanied by a voluntary undertaking on the part of the particular person to do or abstain from doing certain vaguely specified things. Once inducted, the affair of assent is ended: there is as yet no suggestion or apparent desire of specific assent to the specific acts of the person in office; and his responsibility for his acts—a very real responsibility, by the way—is upward, not downward: to the Deity, not the subjects.

Next comes a phase in which the scope of sovereign power is limited by the assertion of certain social relations as spheres of custom and tradition upon which the will of the sovereign person must not impinge; and the articulation of that custom and tradition calls necessarily for collective deliberation, sometimes for collective action of an uncertain sort. From this phase emerges the basic dualism of English political institutions and the distinction between common and statute law.

The complexity of the governance of a growing society next forces important developments in practice, if not in theory. The coöperation of important sections of the people, either by act or contribution, becomes necessary to the fulfilment of certain generally accepted ends; and there ensues an ad hoc practice of specific assent to such classes of act as rendered it necessary. This remained an unsystematized rule of practice—not theory—until quite modern times, increasing in importance as the number of such issues increases, but with no guarantee against contravention save that of sheer force.

A necessary concomitant of this procedure is the introduction of some modicum of consultation, as to ways and means, with these sections of the people deemed representative. And this, in turn, encourages the practice of suggestions as to action emanating from the people, which take the traditional form of petition to the crown. Almost imperceptibly, however, the petitions become legislative proposals, and the right to petition develops into the claim to initiate. But with this development, the whole question of the source of law and the sanction of authority emerges, ripe for controversy. And following the substitution of subjective for objective absolutes in religion, the idea of popular assent—translated into terms of positive will—is made the foundation of the post-revolution system. Why? Fundamentally, because there was no logical alternative.

To rebuild the foundations of polity two postulates were logically necessary. First, the tradition of popular assent to accepted ends involving social coöperation must now be enlarged to the magnitude of a general or social "will"continuously willing social solidarity—of which "will" coercive law could be deemed a manifestation. Secondly, the psychology of the individual must be so interpreted as to reveal this "will" an integral part of his makeup. The first postulate was, of course, supplied by the contract theorists; the second was developed on the one hand by the a priori psychology of Locke, Hume, Smith and the utilitarians, and on the other by the German idealists.

Now the introduction of the idea of collective "will" in connection with such large and general ends as social solidarity, security of property and person, respect for contractual obligations, and the maintenance of some reliable rules of procedure, is responsible for a vast amount of confusion. We no more "will" such ends that we will to breathe or be fed; and there is all the difference in the world between such abstract "willing" and the practical job of deciding in a concrete situation which of several possible courses of action will promote these general ends about which we are all agreed. The problem was, in fact, one of means rather than ends; but since it had arisen in a dispute as to the nature of authority, and since the solution had taken the line of deriving the authority from the hypothetical collective "willing" of general ends, the assumption was made (except in Germany) that collective will should and could be relied upon to determine specific policies in specific situations. Thus it became possible for government of the people, for the people, by the people to be attempted without the question of competence raised in the last clause ever being seriously discussed. All that can be said is that the framers of the American Constitution were extremely sceptical about it.

Year by year, however, the increasing complexity of our modern societies is forcing the question into the foreground; and that earlier scepticism is now echoed in many a contemporary effort at the objective study of social processes. For the moment, however, let us set aside the none too encouraging results of this self-examination, and survey instead the indictment brought against us by those radical empiricists of Europe who have denied the faith in toto.

At the outset there is a broad denial of its postulates. There is no liberty in general, says Mussolini: "Liberty never existed. The socialists have always denied it." No "democracy in general," says Lenin; only "bourgeois democracy." But take the thing, adds Lenin, at its face value: judge it by its own catchwords. It preached equality and fraternity, irrespective of race, sex, nationality or religion: where does one find these things? The abstract freedom and equality of the older constitutions, embodied in political and civil "rights," serves only to dissemble the concrete unfreedom, inequality, necessitated by the realities of the economic order—or, as he would say, the capitalist system. How he would have appreciated the superb language in which the Supreme Court of the United States denied the Minimum Wage Law to women!—

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> To sustain the individual freedom of action contemplated by the Constitution is not to strike down the common good, but to exalt it; for surely the good of society as a whole cannot be better served than by the preservation against arbitrary restraint of the liberties of its constituent members.

Of what use, continues Lenin (Theses of 1919) is nominal freedom of assembly and communication to the non-owning class, when all the best halls and presses are under the ownership control of the minority? Class dictatorship, says he, is not the exception, but the normal reality of every industrial society; the distinguishing feature of his own is that it is in the interests of the mass instead of the few. Bukharin points the indictment:

> The sending of deputies from the workmen to parliament once in four years gives rise to the fiction that workmen share in political work. In truth, even the deputies do not share in it because they talk. The real rulers are the members of a caste.

Thus interpreting the discrepancy between the nominal and the real foundations of the western system by the very questionable assumption that what is not explicitly avowed is therefore not generally assented to, the radical is persuaded that a denial of the first principles of democracy is actually in the interests of the mass. "We do not promise," says Lenin, frankly enough, "that our constitution guarantees freedom and equality in general." "We do not start," echoes Trotsky, "from the abstract principle of liberty of opinion, liberty of conscience, but from considerations of revolutionary expediency." It is an appalling kind of logic to the Anglo-Saxon. Yet even in America, the lip-servants of liberty find no difficulty in reconciling the continued outlawry of Russia with the grant of a Wall Street loan and with official sanction to Mussolini's Italy.

Along with this desperate pseudo-realism of the revolutionists there is, however, a less vocal and more appealing idealism in action. It is manifest in Italy and Russia, and to some extent in Spain and Greece, as an attempt to create a really disinterested governing caste conceiving of itself as trustee for the mass of the people: this also in conscious reaction against experienced failings of western democracy. Says Mr. Belloc, in his cheerful downright fashion:

> All representative assemblies, if they are not aristocratic, are corrupt. That may be postulated as a general truth in political science. . . . Give power of the purse to a number of random individuals inspired by no special class code of honor, and they will as a matter of course pick the public pocket. . . . Corruption is as universally attached to our non-aristocratic European parliaments as fleas are to dogs. We expect it, and our expectation is not disappointed.

The war on nepotism and corruption carried out with pitiless severity by the Bolsheviks, and to some extent (so far as is consistent with the higher interests of the party) by the Fascists, gives substance to the more positive conceptions of government they advance. In accepting "enlightenment, education and organization" as the fundamental aims of its control, the Russian Communist party has returned to a theory of government largely abandoned by the western powers—doubtless for the reason that it is no longer needed. Similarly, when Mussolini speaks of the Fascists as "educators, who do not seek success or popularity or salaries or votes" he is enunciating—whatever we may think of their competence for the task—a conception of government as tutelary which is in strict accord with an older and not ignoble tradition. The idea that a government might have both right and duty, on occasion, to go one better than the transient impulse of a political majority in the interests of a more fundamental good, was signally abandoned when Mr. Lloyd George signed the Peace of Versailles. The idea of the American government overriding the interests of business—the radio business, let us say—in deliberate endeavor to raise the cultural standards of its own or any other people, is fantastic. A sceptic, however, might conceivably hold that even in America the conception of government as tutelary is not devoid of relevance—could it but be shown practicable.

At this point, evidently, the empiricist criticism cuts far deeper than the consideration of means to given ends. It challenges the enunciation of the ends themselves, echoing Disraeli's sneer at an age that "has mistaken comfort for civilization," and Spengler's antithesis between civilization and culture. And it undermines the entire philosophy of human nature upon which our democratic tradition is founded. Explicit in both the Russian and the Italian dictatorships is the assertion that the instinct of response to positive leadership lies deeper in human nature than the alleged desire for self-government, self-determination. The universal cry of liberty and equality, said Carlyle, marks merely the transition from false to true order:

> While man is man, some Cromwell or Napoleon is the necessary finish of a sansculottism.

This contrast between decadent democracy and the ideal of order is inevitably emphasized in the aftermath of war: inevitably, since war brings home to a myriad people the contrast between the soldier and the politician, and the different attitudes to life for which these stand. Say what you will of either as we have known them, the history of the one type is at least less ignoble than that of the other. That is why the effort to supplant it in the schools proceeds with so much difficulty. Its appeal is to elements in the mind of youth that are not merely destructive; and the record of contributions to our collective comfort that passes as "social history" does not in fact assuage these naïve heroic aspirations.

It is here, in the philosophy of leadership, that we

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strike the fundamental note of recent revolutions. When Mr. Hilaire Belloc—who has never forgotten that he was an artillery-man—writes that "we in Europe are sick and pining for monarchy—that is, for responsibility in government," he voices exactly the feeling that for better or worse made Fascism possible.

> The masses despise those who have not the courage to be what they ought to be

—there is a fatally sincere ring about the blacksmith's philosophy. And listen to this:

> At Sardinia, at Artabax, men came to me with drawn faces; they surrounded me and, pointing out to me a track with a putrid river among the marshy reeds, said to me: "Malaria is killing us!" They did not speak to me of liberty, of the statute, of the Constitution.

Trotsky says of him, what many liberals have said, that he is a demagogue, a tool in the hands of bankers and profiteers. That is to impute to the hypothetical cohorts of capitalism a more unified vision, a more constructive purpose, than they have ever yet showed signs of possessing: it is by implication to flatter those to whom Milton's epithet—"blind mouths"—applies with terrible precision. Is there not rather some fatal abdication concealed in the noisy confusion of politics, that has created the need, in Italy and elsewhere, for gerarchia?

It is noteworthy then, at any rate, that Lenin, by Trotsky's admission, invaded the Via Sacra even deeper than Mussolini. Not merely did he hold, with pathetic fanaticism, the characteristic belief of his type that he could divine and interpret the need of the masses better than they could express it, or even know it, themselves. Deliberately he relegated them to a lower plane than ever Mussolini has done, giving them on the whole less in exchange. Says Mussolini:

> We do not adore the masses, even if they have got workworn hands and brains. . . . Democracy does not signify descent. It means ascent. It means raising up those who are down.

Lenin, in a passage of amazing frankness, carries his denial from the sphere of government to the trade unions:

> Complete submission to a single will is absolutely necessary for the success of the processes of work which is organized on the type of large modern industry.

While Bukharin defends the new economic policy by the argument that minor economic concessions are the necessary price of continued order:

> When the state apparatus is in our hands we can guide it in any desired direction. But unless we are at the helm we can give no direction at all.

Unhappy indeed is a people compelled to choose between liberty and order: but the apotheoses of Lenin dead and Mussolini living argue no great self-pity. In fact, there is no such alternative. Liberty, as Mussolini puts it, depends on the strength of the retaining walls; and living assent is won, not by a pork-barrel policy dependent on "paper-ballot battles," but by an ideal embodied in positive leadership.

This issue, of course, in a political theory which is frankly, almost brutally, Hegelian; and it is significant that both Lenin and Mussolini should be driven so far from their early avowals as to the abolition of the state. Mussolini says:

> The state represents the nation as a whole; it includes all, is over all, protects all, and fights any attempt made against its inviolable sovereignty. . . . The government governs for all, over the heads of all, and if necessary, against all.

How can such a system work? To say that it works by force is no answer. There is some truth in Mussolini's contention that force and consent are not necessarily antagonistic. You can do anything by force except govern—as the British at length discovered in Ireland. You can pillage, burn, destroy, assassinate, terrorize: but govern you cannot. No, the system works for substantially the reason Hegel gave: that the nature of mankind, individually and in association, can be integrated only with reference to ideals that are, in a strict sense, transcendental. Ever since the rejection of Catholicism as a principle of social life, western policy has been harassed by this inescapable fact. Whether or not we regard the Russian or the Italian idealism as spurious, we are bound to recognize the power they derive from their übermenschlich character. We know that mankind is perennially ready to sacrifice comfort and security for such things. We know that without them comfort and security prove to be inadequate ends of life either social or individual.

Now here lies the gravamen of the case against democracy. If anything is more depressing than the current attitude of western democracies to their governments—an attitude for which contempt is hardly too strong a word—it is the fact that their political machines are now not merely incapable of, but directly hostile to, positive leadership. And as for the inculcation of any species of transcendental idealism—it is to laugh. The vague crowd absolutes that are continuously set before the common people—"swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw"—serve merely to mask the more sinister phases of a "policy of prosperity"; and that policy in rich and poor alike betrays the sense of values to a point at which thoughtful individuals find less and less meaning in the social nexus.

Societies in such condition are, to say the least, not growing stronger; and the cogency of the case against democracy lies in its having stumbled upon their inner weakness. Grant that it is a case: grant that its advocates have reached no solution of the riddle they propound: it remains a case demanding an answer.

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CHANGES IN ENGLISH SOCIALISM

By HENRY SOMERVILLE

THE British Labor party pays lip-service to socialism on the understanding that socialism means nothing specific. The Labor party has learned much in the course of its experience as His Majesty's opposition, as well as from its term of office as His Majesty's government. The lesson learned was summed up by Mr. Sidney Webb in an awkward but adhesive phrase, " the inevitability of gradualness." It is a phrase which supplies an excuse in advance for all the disappointments which a Labor government must inflict on those of its supporters who are innocent enough to think that a new government means a new social order. It was the same Mr. Webb, by the way, who was the principal architect of that "report on reconstruction," entitled Labor and the New Social Order, which was strikingly commented upon in the program of social reconstruction put forward by the American bishops. A review of that report on reconstruction in the light of the progress made and the experience gained in the nine years that have elapsed since the end of the war is a tempting subject for a Commonweal article, but it is not my subject at present. Suffice it to remark that the prophet of reconstruction who in 1918 was prophesying the new social order is now best known for his preaching of the inevitability of gradualness.

The younger men of the Labor party have been loath to resign themselves to this depressing law. It is not only their youthful mood of optimism that makes them rebel. They do the propaganda work of the party, and they feel that they must have a hopeful story to tell. They have a shrewd suspicion that if Mr. Webb conducted Labor party propaganda he might impress the intellectuals but the communists would get the crowds. It was as much against their communist competitors for proletarian votes as against the uninspiring Mr. Webb that the left wing of the Labor party developed the counter-slogan "Socialism in Our Time."

To express the temper of the left wing I will quote a paragraph from an article by F. W. Jowett (a member of the late Labor Ministry) in the New Leader of September 30. The paragraph has the cross-heading Gradualism Not Enough, and runs:

> There is no room for this gradualist method now. There is not a single large-scale industry where the capitalists cannot successfully argue, on the balance sheets of one section or other of the industry against a claim for higher wages, although over the whole field of industry the rate of profit is increasing. On every industry war-time finace, war debt and profiteering middlemen levy big parasitic charges which do not appear in the accounts at wage inquiries. . . . The surplus which this parasite class cannot spend at home profitably it invests mainly abroad, where coolie wages, the control of raw materials, and the state protection of monopolies, provide high dividends.

"Socialism in Our Time" is more than a slogan: it is based upon a more or less reasoned program. Its chief authors are Mr. H. N. Brailsford, a brilliant journalist, Mr. E. F. Wise, formerly a civil servant of high rank who is now employed by the Russian trading organization in England, and Mr. J. A. Hobson, one of the best-known economists in the world. The program is of interest to all social students, and especially to Catholics, for it was called the "Living Wage" program before the adoption of the motto "Socialism in Our Time." Catholic thinkers have themselves the task of squaring the ethical value of labor, represented by the living wage, with its market value, determined by conditions of supply and demand. A report submitted on behalf of the Independent Labor party by Messrs. Brailsford, Wise and Hobson and Mr. A. Creech Jones begins with the following statement:

> That industry should pay to all engaged in it "a living wage" has become in our generation an ethical principle, accepted as one of the foundations of our civilization. Neither of the capitalist parties ventures to dispute it. . . . But as if by tacit consent, the Labor movement has hitherto avoided any precise statement of this far-reaching principle.

It is largely owing to Pope Leo XIII that the principle of the living wage has become accepted as one of the foundations of our civilization. We Catholics, also, have shown some shyness about precise statements of it, but it is to the credit of the Church not only that she promulgated the principle, but that a group of Catholic employers in France, inspired by Pope Leo, devised a practical means of relating wages to needs, and that their plan has now been adopted all through western and central Europe. The scheme is called the "family allowances" plan, and has already been described in detail in The Commonweal. It means that the employers in an industry contribute to a common fund according to the number of workers they employ, or on some other agreed basis, and that from this fund a worker receives an allowance or supplementary wage according to the number of dependents for whom he must provide. It may or may not be the case that the plan increases the sum total paid to labor as opposed to capital. But it does ensure a distribution of the wage-fund among the workers which is more closely in accord with varying individual needs.

The Independent Labor party (a socialist organization within the Labor party and forming its left wing)

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is impressed not only with the insufficiency of wages generally but with the differences between wages in one trade and another, differences which permit of no ethical justification and no real economic justification. It is aware that to raise wages by law is a policy of very limited efficacy. Some industries would collapse if they were forced by law or by trade union action to pay a living wage. The difficulty of a universal living wage is increased if a wage calculated upon the needs of an average family has to be paid to all workers, including those without dependents. The Independent Labor party has now also become aware that the nationalization of industries is no panacea. The state as employer in the industries which now have the worst wages would have the same trouble with the workers as private employers have under present circumstances.

The Independent Labor party's solution of the problem of providing a living income for the workers is by means of "family allowances," but this is a very different scheme from that of employers on the continent. The party would have the state pay the allowances to all "insured persons," which in England means practically all wage-earners. The allowance is to be paid to parents at the rate of five shillings weekly for each child under fifteen years of age. Payment is to be made during both employment and unemployment, so that the family allowance system would incidentally be useful for financing the workers during strikes.

I need not dwell upon the moral and social aspects of this gigantic scheme of state maintenance of children. The financial cost, according to the Independent Labor party's own estimate, would be about £125,000,000. To raise this amount by taxation presents no difficulty to the party. All that is necessary is to put heavier taxes on the incomes of the rich.

The orthodox economist would point out that taxation of this character would check the accumulation of capital and would thus tend to starve the industries of the country and lessen its productivity. But the arguments of orthodox economics have no effect on the Independent Labor party, for that organization has adopted the unorthodox theory of J. A. Hobson that "under-consumption" is the root of all economic troubles under capitalism. Every student of economics is acquainted with this theory which, though it is not generally accepted, has quite a respectable pedigree and, if it cannot be proved, is not easy to disprove. Mr. Hobson argues that the rich get too much of the product of industry, and that not being able or willing to consume sufficient of their income to maintain equilibrium between productive power and consumption, they reinvest in fresh means of production. More factories are built, more machinery is installed and the new means of production, added to existing plants, have an output beyond the purchasing power of consumers. It is this over-capitalization which, according to Mr. Hobson, causes the periodical booms and slumps which are known as the trade cycle. There is the obvious paradox, especially in England, of productive plant and labor lying unemployed, while millions are in want of the goods which the unemployed capital and labor might produce.

The theory that the problem of unemployment may be solved merely by the workers being given more purchasing power and consuming more goods is a most attractive one to Labor propagandists. It is on the strength of this theory that the Independent Labor party advocates family allowances and many more expensive reforms, all to be paid for out of the taxes.

The Labor party itself (as distinguished from its left wing) has not accepted the under-consumption theory. It has, however, adopted a proposal for very drastic taxation of the rich. To the existing income tax and super-tax it would add a surtax of 10 percent on "unearned" incomes exceeding £500. But the right wing of the Labor party is so far orthodox in its economics that it would earmark the yield of the surtax for the redemption of public debt. The left wing has no use for debt-redemption; it insists that the money be spent on social services.

Mr. John Wheatley, M.P., in a pamphlet entitled Socialize the National Income robustly expresses the economics of the left wing with an implied criticism of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, a determined gradualist and leader of the right wing, as the following excerpt makes clear:

> Limited consumption now means limited production. Unlimited consumption will lead to unlimited production. Under this policy nationalization will take its proper place. After all, its real objective is improved production. Our problem today is not one of production. The improved production will become necessary and possible when we have removed the barrier of poverty which obstructs it now, and the value of nationalization will then become obvious.
>
> Nationalization of key industries before the competitive system of fixing wages and prices is abolished might easily worsen the condition of the workers. Complete nationalization of these industries one by one and by parliamentary procedure must take a long time. No one who understands the difficulties in the way would say that even with extraordinary political good fortune it could be accomplished in less than forty years. This is probably why Mr. MacDonald in a recent speech warned the workers not to expect too much in the way of an improved standard of living from the next Labor government. If they are to wait patiently until industry has been completely organized on the basis of national ownership, they need not expect any substantial relief in our time.

Nationalization used to be the panacea of all our socialists. It is now cold-shouldered by right wing and left wing. The socialism of the right is nothing but a gradualist empiricism, while the left, virtually or explicitly denying that there is any problem of production, would embark on an adventure in the forcible redistribution of wealth, in the hope that somehow or other it may come to pass that "unlimited consumption will lead to unlimited production."

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THE BOGY OF HEREDITY

By JAMES J. WALSH

THE tide has turned in the matter of heredity, and now it begins to look as though men would realize before long that there has been a large and rather serious delusion with regard to the significance of this factor in human life. A generation ago the persuasion was almost universal that tuberculosis was hereditary. The result of this was that young people affected by the disease became very much discouraged. One after another the members of a family would come down with it between their eighteenth and twenty-fifth years, and once the symptoms became manifest they would give up all hope of a cure; and it is easy to understand now, from what we know of tuberculosis, just why it was not long before the expected fatal termination arrived. Specialists in tuberculosis are accustomed to say that "tuberculosis takes only the quitters," that is, only those who give up and will not do what they are told to do to fight off their disease. The idea of heredity of course took all the fight out of most people at once. As one young doctor said, "they quit cold."

With the discovery of the bacillus tuberculosis by Koch some forty years ago, the idea of the disease being hereditary received its death-blow. It took a good while, however, for even physicians to accept the idea that there was not a large hereditary element in tuberculosis. All sorts of theories were held. It was said that there was an inherited tendency to the successful implantation of the bacillus, and that certain family strains were very much more liable to the disease than others. Most of this was quite manifestly a form of mild reversion to the preceding very definite conclusions with regard to heredity. Some slight amount of truth there may be in the idea of hereditary tendency, though what that consists of is really a lack of immunity and, curiously enough, it occurs more particularly in families in which there is no history of tuberculosis than in those which have the story of a series of deaths from the disease. The very fact that people live long enough to have children shows that they have some resistive vitality against the disease, some natural immunity, and that is what seems to be the subject of inheritance, so that a patient without any history of tuberculosis in his family is often in much more serious risk from the disease than one who has a definite history of the affection in his immediate progenitors, even though such a history is traceable on both sides of the house.

Physicians have come to occupy a position almost directly opposite to that which they held in the old days of belief in the heredity of the disease. What is interesting is the practical result of the new teaching. Young people are told that the disease is not a family matter, that they have acquired it, that it is the most curable of diseases for nearly all of us have it when we are young and get over it. The result of this teaching is a renewal of confidence and the feeling that all they have to do is to follow directions, live the outdoor life, eat heartily. Hence the great majority of them proceed to get over their tuberculosis. The death-rate from the disease has, in the course of the last thirty years, which is about the length of time in which the teaching of the non-heredity of the affection has become widespread, has decreased more than one-half. Indeed there are some who say that the diminution of deaths from the disease amounts to nearly 60 percent. The most important element in that merciful revolution with regard to the matter has come from the new confidence that has been inspired in patients, in contradistinction to the discouragement which came over them when they felt that members of their family were doomed because "the disease ran in the family."

The question that has been occupying a good many minds in recent years has been this: Is it possible that there are any other diseases with regard to which the teaching as to heredity may be playing as sad a rôle as it did in connection with tuberculosis? More and more the feeling has grown that, in the matter of insanity and feeble-mindedness, the teaching that was current as to heredity and its influence at the beginning of the century must be modified in the face of the ampler information that we have secured. This has become particularly manifest in connection with the claims that are made by certain eugenists as regards the community value of what is called sterilization of the unfit.

In various individual states sterilization laws have been passed, and in a number of others bills have been introduced into the legislature with the same purport. The authors of these bills are very confident in their assertions with regard to the heredity of feeble-mindedness and insanity and criminality as well as other undesirable qualities in mankind. However, their positiveness is in striking contrast with the conservative position taken by physicians generally; and by those, particularly, who have had most to do with the insane and feeble-minded, the epileptics and others who are supposed to be laboring under the burden of an inevitable heredity of disease.

In one of the middle-western states a distinguished state Senator went so far as to say, in connection with his urging of the passage of his bill that, "if the legislature a generation ago had passed such a measure, we would not have to be spending millions now for housing defectives." It is extremely interesting to place beside that expression some of those which have been recently published by authorities in medicine. For in-

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stance, the committee on Public Health Relations of the New York Academy of Medicine, in its report of activities for the year 1926, which has just appeared, says:

> The question of selective sterilization of certain types of the feeble-minded has not made much progress; first because of a general prejudice against sterilization and the difficulties and possible abuses which might arise in connection with its enforcement, and secondly because of differences of opinion with regard to the inheritance of mental defects. There is no unanimity among the geneticists on this point.

I need scarcely say that the New York Academy of Medicine is a body that we are thoroughly proud of here in America, and that while it is noted for its reasonable conservatism, it is looked up to for its leadership in all things which make for progress in medicine and, above all, which concern public health and community welfare.

Or place beside the western legislator's confident assertion the remark from Dr. William T. Shanahan's article Sociological Landmarks in the Domain of Epilepsy, which was read before the National Association for the Study of Epilepsy last year, and appeared in the Psychiatric Quarterly for July, 1927. Dr. Shanahan has been for some twenty years now the director of the Craig colony for epileptics in New York State and he, if anyone, is in a position to know the connection between epilepsy and heredity. He does not hesitate to emphasize how little, after all, we know about it:

> The laws of heredity are not sufficiently well established scientifically to warrant the making of a positive assertion that epilepsy is frequently transmitted from ancestor to descendant. So far as investigations go, the seeming transmission of an epileptic reaction occurs in a comparatively limited number.

He goes even further, and takes pains to underline the fact that

> In the great majority of epileptics there is evidence of sufficient having occurred subsequent to conception to account for the later appearance of the phenomena of epilepsy.

And yet epilepsy is one of the diseases leading off into dementia or feeble-mindedness that is often said to have a large hereditary element in connection with it.

There are a number of other authorities who have expressed themselves in similar terms. Dr. Pratt, assistant to the medical director of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, has the following to say, for instance:

> We have been depressed by the paralyzing and fatalistic pictures of the Jukes and the Kallikaks and other notorious families. And so the legend grew that all the feeble-minded inherited their defects. All were potential criminals. All were utterly unfitted for self-supporting communities.

A great change has come about in our whole method of regarding these facts, however, until, to quote Dr. Pratt again,

> Today it is established that a large percentage of these cases are due to some natal or post-natal condition.

Apparently we have allowed the idea of heredity to run away with us in this matter quite as it did in tuberculosis. That did an immense amount of harm and cost the lives of a great many people. Let us see that no hasty action on our part causes any further damage. The great maxim for the physician, as old as Hippocrates, is "non nocere"—"be sure to do no harm." Let us wait until we know more about this whole subject. It is an extremely complex one. All the trend of present-day thought, however, is in the direction of limiting the influence of heredity instead of broadening it, while at the same time emphasizing the rôle that environment plays. We can do ever so much to improve environment without any chance of doing harm.

The Virgin at Noon

High noon. The church is open. I enter in and say,
Blessed Mother of Jesus, I have not come to pray.

Nothing have I to offer; I plead no gift, no grace,
I only come, great Mother, to gaze upon your face;

To gaze and weep with perfect joy, knowing that we are one,
That I may call you "Mother," and hear you answer "son."

To dwell with you in silence upon this midday hill
Chime, noon!
Where for a winged moment the world of time stands still.

To feast upon your image with never a spoken word
Uttering all my soul in love that language has not blurred.

To walk with you in quietness, till my heart slips its thong
And wings away like a blackbird in sudden, spacious song.

Immaculate, God-chosen one, first Lady of our race,
I come because your beauty like a vision floods this place.

Ineffable in loveliness, Christ-Mother, glory blest.
You hold our Truth within your arms, our Hope upon your breast.

Because you are all womankind from Eden-ancient years,
Your calm eyes pierce my heart's full vein and free the welling tears.

Because you guard me with your strength, because you cherish France,
Because you guide her through a world of error and mischance;

Because when every hope was dead, the foeman at our door
Your lilies saved the cause of France, and will forevermore;

And last because in this sweet hour of noontide mystery
We have been here in simple peace, as we shall always be—
Mother of Christ accept these thanks I lift in joy to thee!

Translated from the French of Paul Claudel
by HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

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COMMUNICATIONS

BRITISH PROPAGANDA IN CHICAGO

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—The passionate protest of Mr. Robinson, of Atlantic City, concerning the farcical situation in Chicago does not, I am sure, represent the general conviction of our patriotic and intelligent citizens here. Nor is it the opinion of the readers of The Commonweal, I am also sure, that the journal is pro-British. It stands out preëminently as the advocate of an intelligent understanding of all sides of a controversy. We are awaiting with impatience the termination of the hullabaloo raised as a political smoke-screen to further the ambition of a very clever politician, past master in the science of vote-getting by appealing to the sensational, to prejudice and to bigotry. It is rather funny to find Catholic organizations quoted as supporting the Mayor's investigation side by side with the unqualified endorsement given him by the Illinois Ku Klux Klan.

The calibre of the men on our public school board as qualification for this investigation is not such as to win our confidence. If these charges against Mr. McAndrews are true, he should be tried by a jury of his intellectual peers. There are plenty of educators of unimpeachable patriotism and we would not then be subjected to the humiliating and disgusting spectacle of a city like Chicago threatening to burn volumes in its public library; while men entirely unfit to judge are given power beyond their province. The next step might be the automatic promotion of the janitor to the teacher's desk.

The country is full of propaganda of some sort all the time. First we hated England thoroughly and some of us still do; then we hated Germany heartily, and some of us still do; then we disliked and distrusted France and some of us are a little "edgy" about that yet. Pro-British, pro-Irish, pro-German propaganda. Well, I am just optimistic enough to think that, when it comes to America, we will all drop the "pro" unanimously and "America First" will be a slogan for the country and not a clever verbal barrage to cloud local political issues. And I also have faith in American good sense and fair play which will enable us to read and digest and study every angle of a question without any fear or prejudice. As long as The Commonweal appreciates the fact that its pages are read by intelligent dissenting groups, so long will it have the support of intelligent people. Chicago resents the plight to which her public school system has been reduced and cannot be blamed for distrusting office-seeking accusers.

The charges which Mr. Robinson enumerates in his letter have not yet been proven.

MARY F. COUGHLIN.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—In a recent issue of The Commonweal, in an article called Prohibition and Politics, graft in prohibition enforcement is cited as a proof against prohibition's effectiveness, if not its principle.

Let us consider that graft, corruption in politics, has always been a serious and separate evil force, and that prohibition was never advocated as a cure for this propensity in the human for illegal gain. Alcohol was recommended generally in the past as a cure for nearly every physical ill, and now one can discern from much printed matter that a return to alcohol will purge our country of this graft and corruption!

There is no cure like constant watchfulness and correct guidance, and against all the evils that beset a nation, the law has a very important place, and commands respect at all times. A sad feature about our press and public sources of information, which amounts almost to an evil in itself, is the lack of support given to law and order and those things which make a nation respected. Whether we have prohibition or not, there is always need of sound teaching. And still we can read almost daily that we should parley with different evils, trade off, as it were, one evil for another, and make choice between evils instead of condemning all evil.

Greed is greater than gluttony in the prohibition situation as it now stands. The opportunity and duty are ever present to advocate respect for and observance of law, which traits a more general opposition to prohibition will reduce to an even lower minimum. When we consider the length of time in which liquor reigned, a change in general for the better as early as this would seem phenomenal.

CHARLES J. BYRNES.

THE SOUTH IN THE NEW YORK PRESS

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor:—The writer wishes to apologize for appearing so frequently of late in your excellent weekly. But in your issue of September 28, when quoting Richard V. Oulahan, traveling correspondent of the New York Times, who reports the disappearance of religious antagonism, you also mention his despatch from Knoxville to the effect that Tennessee is an exception to the general rule, and quote:

"Religious prejudice is strong in this state, especially in the rural districts. The prediction is freely made that, should Governor Smith of New York be nominated for President by the Democratic national convention, Tennessee will cast its electoral vote for the Republican electors."

You then follow the quotation with your own editorial comment as follows:

"Those who are prepared to put bigotry ahead of principles to the extent of taking twelve electoral college votes from the party under whose emblem they are registered and putting them into the column of their political opponents if Governor Smith is chosen as the candidate, may expect to be regarded as traitors by the rank and file of the party they betray."

While you may not be aware of the fact, Mr. Oulahan must have known that Tennessee cast its twelve electoral votes for Harding in 1920 and it certainly cannot be charged to religious prejudice against the Democratic candidate who at that time was an Episcopalian, James M. Cox. Furthermore Tennessee, like Kentucky, has elected Republican governors. The electorate of Tennessee believe in prohibition and also in William Jennings Bryan, and it could not be expected that they would support Governor Smith under the circumstances.

Just why the New York press, to say nothing of a religious paper like The Commonweal, continues to indict and insult Southern people is beyond my understanding.

P. H. CALLAHAN.

(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

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POEMS

The Chase

While five loud ignorances argued,
One keen intelligence had tracked
The evidence, and when the others
Came up they found it with the fact.

The five were like contrary hunters
Disputing ways an old fox went,
The one was like a lean hound knowing
No argument could change the scent.

The chase was done but not the shouting,
For each one of the five would show
That he was right. . . . Again in circles
A phantom fox was seen to go!

Five ignorances kept noisy, telling
More than they knew, and none too well. . .
And one intelligence was dozing,
Content with more than it could tell.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

Leaves

The slow days swing to a close with a whispered sound
And slip into evening. Quietly as a cloud
From grey, stiff trees that a week ago were proud
As ancient kings, red-robed and golden-crowned,
The brittle leaves spread lightly over the ground,
Not to be scattered and whirled when the wind is loud,
For the months lie silently here in a fading shroud,
And this is a place that winter has never found.

Never were leaves more peaceful and still than these,
Richly fed with the hidden strength of the earth,
Effortless in their destined fall through space,
Never touched by the harsh and meaningless mirth
Of a hollow wind. A secret is in this place,
Buried deep in the hearts of the lonely trees.

LORETTA ROCHE.

The Search

I looked in all the rooms, but all the rooms were empty.
I called, "Darling, darling, I am here!"
But only the clock ticked its low, soft answer,
Saying, "He would come to you if he were near."

I looked all around the green-walled garden.
I whistled softly an old love tune.
But only the west wind blew perfumed kisses
Up to his sweetheart, the white-faced moon.

I looked in all the rooms, but all the rooms were empty.
"Why don't you answer me, darling?" I said.
But only the old clock ticked out its warning,
"He cannot answer, you forget he is dead. . . ."

MABEL CLELAND.

The Bushfeller's Wife

Lord, mind your trees today!
My man is out there clearing.
God send the chips fly back—
My heart is always fearing.

Lord, let the axhead hold!
He means no harm by felling,
He earns our bread far back—
And then there is no telling.

If he came home at nights
We'd know—but it is only—
We might not even hear,
A man could lie there lonely.

Lord, let the trunks fall clear!
He cannot help his calling.
He's young and full of life—
A tree is heavy falling.

EILEEN DUGGAN.

Before Bellini's Madonna

The curtains drawn aside behind her show
Afar the confluence of roofs with high
Hills, low vales, and the immeasurable sky;
Good painting, one would say, and know
Venetian rhythm, Flemish color, flow
From a brush well-tutored by the outer eye;
And plastic modeling to rectify
The last Byzantine trace of thus-and-so

And thus-and-so. Madonna! lo, thy eyes
Cincture the unbound deeps—infinitude
Submits, descends, declares the awful prize,
Thy Child. . . .
Curls gold as on a distaff wooed
To thy fingers' curve, halo the upward gaze
That God the Son on God the Father lays.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

The Little Room

The wind sweeps through the little room of
my soul.
It sweeps the cobwebs from the ceiling
And the dust from out the corners of the floor.
It leaves the little room
Cool, clean, sweet-smelling.

It is very still now that the wind is gone;
The little room is filled with quietness
Even to loneliness.
Only the golden daffodils in the brown bowl
Sitting on the window sill,
Tell in their nodding
That the wind has blown here.

IRENE H. WILSON.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

"If"

THE Neighborhood Playhouse company, alias the Grand Street Follies Company, alias the Actor Managers—the third name being the present working version—have selected Lord Dunsany's comedy, "If," as their first serious effort of the season. The Grand Streeters are now ensconced uptown on a strictly coöperative basis, with the valiant Helen Arthur as general business manager, Agnes Morgan still as director, and Aline Bernstein still the presiding genius of costume and stage setting. Their new experiment is in general a courageous one, lacking the cushion of the endowment upon which they could lean downtown, and fortified only by inborn devotion and the coöperation of Mr. Sidney Ross.

Part of the ideal of the downtown institution was to develop a well-rounded group of actors, and to this end plays were frequently chosen which somewhat surpassed the actual abilities of the group. Enthusiasm and sincerity were often compelled to atone for missing major virtues. On other occasions their work needed no indulgence and shone with the splendor of true theatre—notably when they treated New York to The Dybbuk and The Little Clay Cart. Their present problem is somewhat different, as, willy nilly, they must face comparison with other groups such as the Theatre Guild, the Garrick Players and the Le Gallienne company. On this basis, their production of the Dunsany play, though dotted with brilliant and effective moments, fails as a whole to meet the demands.

The story of a man who misses an eight-fifteen train to London, and ten years later has the opportunity to live his whole life over again from that moment, would seem to offer rich possibilities. Lord Dunsany has not realized them in the writing of the play, either in terms of wit and fantasy, or in terms of vivid theatre. A sort of over-gentlemanly mildness pervades all his sallies, and his irony frequently goes velvet. He stops too often to wink pleasantly at his audience, after the manner of a benevolent lecturer. When he relinquishes this mood—or is it a pose?—and permits a little vitality to emerge, he shows how good his play might be if it could throw off entirely the atmosphere of an afternoon reading to a literary club.

But these remarks about the play itself do not entirely absolve the Actor Managers from blame. The production showed the effects of a certain indecision as to whether "If" should be played as fantastic comedy or as straight satirical melodrama. The beauty of Chaplin's screen work is its utter sincerity. The Actor Managers do not take "If" quite seriously, and this lack of sincerity actually mars and dulls the comedy. When they do play it in spots for its sheer theatrical value, all goes well; but when they stop with Dunsany to wink at the audience, it is quite as if Chaplin were suddenly to wink or laugh outright. The effect is not unlike that produced by the embarrassment of amateur actors on seeing friends in the audience. In a word—deadly.

Albert Carroll frequently comes to the rescue with a beautifully sincere portrayal of a wise and dignified oriental servant —the spokesman of the changeless East. Walter Kingsford, a guest artist, does fairly well and consistently with the main character, but not so well that one fails to yearn for Henry Travers in the part. Paula Trueman, as a cockney maid, adds to her rapidly growing command of characterization. Blake Scott gives a vivid scimitar dance in strong rhythms, and Lily Lubell does surprisingly well in a more conventional oriental dance. Aline Bernstein's settings, although colorful, suffer from the prevailing indecision of mood. The production languishes from intermittent politeness. This is said, in all friendliness, of a venture whose guiding purpose runs little short of heroic. After all, the Grand Streeters are easily the most versatile group in New York. They do not try to strike an attitude. They do not assume the mantle of perfection, and the humility of their work as individuals is best indicated by the freedom with which the star of one performance will play a small bit in the next. If they have a distinctive fault in the selection and execution of certain plays, it lies in a failure to recognize that the finest theatre demands a perfect balance between appeal to the intelligence and to the feelings. "If" is preponderantly intellectual fare. (At the Little Theatre.)

The Taming of the Shrew

SOMETHING quite delightful—theatrically speaking—has happened to Shakespeare's 100 percent masculine play. The newly formed group called the Garrick Players, headed by Mary Ellis and Basil Sydney, have clothed it in modern dress and, for good measure, have added modern stage business as well, including a radio, an automobile, flashlight and movie photographers at the wedding, and similar tokens of the times. The result, far from being appalling, is utterly free, rollicksome and engaging, providing, on the whole, about as exciting an evening of comedy as you are apt to find in New York today.

When the Liveright production of Hamlet in modern dress burst upon the city some time ago, there were many wails of protest, some of them merited. For Hamlet is a tragedy requiring as part of its dramatic background the conviction of dynasty and the sense of a seat of government. Individual scenes came splendidly to life in the modern trappings, but the play as a whole suffered from a general feeling of incongruity and from a certain flippancy of mood. I do not say that it would be impossible to give a modern version of Hamlet which would retain the essential core of tragic feeling, but it is certain that the particular production failed in this respect. Hence most of us must have approached The Taming of the Shrew with certain inner qualms, summoned from the storehouse of uncomfortable memories. But these were brilliantly and speedily dispelled.

For, aside from minor references to the quarrels of Italian dukes and cities, the Shrew lives entirely in the everlasting man and woman problem, and is quite without any date, unless it be the rather obscure one of the creation of the world's first pair of inhabitants, or, more accurately, the date of Eve's first fit of temper following her primordial indiscretion. The modern stage business requires no explanatory lines or references, hence the minimum of violence is done to the sacrosanct Shakespearean verse, and for the rest, the actors seem to experience such a glorious sense of freedom when clad in modern horrors that they fairly burst with glee.

Mr. Sydney's Petruchio is quite in the manner of benevolent comedy, an excellent, forthright performance, minus his usual

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facial mannerisms and charged with just the right degree of humorous perception. It indicates either a vast improvement in the general ease of his work, or else that he is far better equipped for comedy than for romantic tragedy. As for Mary Ellis's Katherina, I challenge any average male not to be tempted to tame a young lady whose temper carries so much promise and whose subjection, paradoxically, promises such engaging dominion. The cast as a whole is excellent, playing with unrestrained attack and many delicious points. Watson Barratt has done some settings in the modern mood which are the most successful in their kind I have seen. Lastly, for sheer delight, watch and wait for the five minutes in which Maria Ouspenskaya as Curtis holds the stage and stops the show! (At the Garrick Theatre.)

Interference

STRAIGHT melodrama, played in the subdued key and polite overtones of a drawing-room comedy by Pinero—this, at least, is a welcome novelty in the current theatre, blazoned as it is with the colors of gunmen, highjackers, dope peddlers and all the tatterdemalion of post-prohibition. Interference, by Roland Pertwee and Harold Dearden, contributes nothing to the sum total of human thought, but a considerable deal to the season's achievements in the way of amusement and good theatre. The materials of the play are all thoroughly familiar, but have been stitched together expertly. Sir John Marlay has just reached the pinnacle of the medical profession in London—a position where a family scandal would be quite fatal. He is also a man who loves his privacy and sees red the moment outsiders attempt to interfere with it. The former husband of his young wife—supposedly dead, according to war office records—turns up alive. This Philip Voaze is a humorous rascal, on the verge of death through over-indulgence, and not inclined to interfere in any way with the doctor's affairs. But a woman formerly in his life learns of his return and threatens Lady Marlay with blackmail. The working out of the subsequent plot is ingenious in a dozen ways, and quite as gripping as a far more blatant type of melodrama.

Gilbert Miller, the producer of this play, has shown excellent judgment in giving it the best cast and direction available. It is only in expert hands that it could hope to bridge the chasm of triteness which surrounds the situations and the feebly drawn type characters. Arthur Wontner plays the doctor with excellent comedy restraint and, in the more serious passages, with that expertness of technique which conveys the inner workings of the mind without any obvious gestures or facial grimaces. He fully lives up to the promise of his two performances of last season in The Captive and Mariners. A. E. Matthews plays the degenerate Philip Voaze to the hilt. It is a "fat" part which he could not well miss. Several minor character parts are well handled, and Phoebe Foster, as Lady Marlay, gives a sympathetic account of herself. The character of Deborah Kane, the blackmailer, is far more spectacular in its acting possibilities. Kathlene Macdonall overplays it slightly by accentuating rather than softening some absurd lines which belong to another era of playwriting. The play is directed by Campbell Gullan, whose last Broadway piece was the dramatic version of Pickwick, the opening of which aroused a great deal of interest. (At the Empire Theatre.)

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BOOKS

New England Colonial Life, by Robert Means Lawrence. Cambridge, Massachusetts: The Cosmos Press. $2.00.

PURITANS, not to say Pilgrims, have no complaint to make against history. To those of us whose interest in them is other than racial it sometimes seems that their story has been over-written and that other elements in our American life have had to suffer for the attention paid them. However that may be, New England Colonial Life, by Robert Means Lawrence, has merits that justify his retelling of an old, old story. It is done in sprightly style (nearly all doctors write well) and with a strong sense of humor, it is as impartial as a book written by a distinguished physician should be, and much of its information is drawn from sources—town histories, unpublished manuscripts, etc., not forgetting the remarkable column conducted in Boston by that lover of the curious, Mr. Philip Hale—that are not easily accessible to the general public. The result is a gossipy little volume packed with quaint information on our ancestors—or your ancestors, as the case may be.

Dr. Lawrence reminds us that, practically up to the present day, there has never been a time when certain sections of our population were not living under pioneer conditions, not too dissimilar from those which confronted the seekers for religious freedom in 1620. Hence, in the light of what many men not beyond middle age can remember of life in the wilderness, there is something a little obscure in the difficulty experienced by the first settlers in settling down. It is surprising to be told, for instance, that the earliest homes of the colonists were brushwood tents "patterned after Indian wigwams," and that some of the founders were "glad to lodge in empty casks to shelter themselves from the weather." Dr. Lawrence, by the way, disposes of that hoary legend, the "old-fashioned New England winter." "There is good authority," he says, "for the statement that climatic features have not materially changed."

Between primitive comfort and the amenities of life, however, there is a vast distance. Life in early Massachusetts and Connecticut must have been terribly hard. Roads there were none worthy the name till practically after the Revolution. Forest tracks were made to serve instead, though, as the average diameter of the trees ranged "from two to five feet," the going must have been much easier than through the tangle of undergrowth that covers so much of the New England we know. The Indians were a menace and worry that it is hard for us to realize. Dr. Lawrence reminds us of the feeling of lonely housewives even today in regard to tramps and asks us what it must have been like when from any swamp or wood-edge a painted face looking for mischief might peer in upon the farm-yard and cattle byre. The Puritan women were a stout-hearted breed. One particularly good story is of a lonely young mother who, seeing red men prowling around, banked her fire and began a long and loud monologue in three or four different pitches of voice until the danger was past. In time of especial trouble (as in London during air-raids) "lights-out" was rigidly enforced at night, and we can use our own fancy to conceive the strain on nerves that must have resulted.

A vivid imagination indeed, fostered by loneliness and home-sickness, was one of the handicaps of the earliest Americans, and a little hard to reconcile with what we know of their bravery in time of need. They own to being "much agast" at the "terrible roarings" heard at night "which must be either Devills or Lyons; there being no other creatures which use to roar, saving Beares, which have not such a terrible kind of roaring." Wolves, of course, were abroad, and the few sheep kept in contemporary America as compared to Europe, may be an atavistic result of the past. One would like to know what was at the bottom of the Salem civic fathers' mind in 1640, when they offered fifteen shillings for every live wolf brought in, but only ten for a dead one!

Naturally, then, the settlers who were forced to live under these conditions "clung to the sea shore." The love of exploration and enterprise so notable in Canada's early story is entirely absent. As late as 1774 there was only a fortnightly coach service between Boston and New York and those intending to make the trip were "prayed for"!

New England Colonial Life is a title that does only part justice to Dr. Lawrence's fascinating little monograph. There is a deal of Boston and New England history in the early days of the republic. We glean a host of little-known facts, of which here are a few: Thorns instead of metal pins were used up to 1830; the first trains carried horses slung on leather straps between the coaches, to be used when engines broke down; candles were made by traveling "chandlers" from England; Boston firemen put out fires, or tried to put them out, to the chant of the Old Hundred and other godly psalm tunes; dogs were brought into the ice-cold meeting houses as foot warmers. Finally, Dr. Charles W. Eliot is quoted as authority for the statement that "our Puritan ancestors" found their pleasures "largely in drink."

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

Henry Ward Beecher: An American Portrait, by Paxton Hibben. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $5.00.

THE famous pastor of Plymouth Church was not a student, nor a scholar, nor a thinker. He had no originality nor any fixed principles. He was never fundamentally sincere. On the question of slavery he was not an abolitionist until that position became eminently safe and eminently respectable. He had no enduring moral courage and very little intellectual honesty. Although widely regarded as a reformer, he was never conspicuous for his advocacy of either political integrity or the rights of the toilers. He was neither a persevering friend nor a steadfast enemy, whether of persons or of causes. He never learned the meaning of personal self-sacrifice.

On the other hand, he was an emotionalist and a sentimentalist always. With him emotion and sentimentality were ready and universal substitutes for thought and principles. In his adolescent years an orthodox Calvinist, his last sermons set forth a shallow and incoherent doctrine of evolution and a "religion of love" which took in all sorts of souls and made the future pretty soft for the sinner. All his life he was an opportunist and a time-server. Before he was thirty he had derived from the preaching of the Apostles, as he thought, the formula of success in that art: namely, to find a common ground with his audience, to seize upon particulars of knowledge which everybody possessed and everybody would admit, and then bring them to bear upon his hearers with all his "excited heart and feeling." He was cautious always, but not always sufficiently clearsighted nor sufficiently patient to make his caution effective. He was an egotist, a pretender, a poseur, a dissembler and a traitor to his dearest friends and benefactors. He persuaded Mrs. Tilton that between them unchastity was no sin, but in a later and more perilous hour assured a whitewashing committee of Plymouth Church that she had "thrust her affections upon him unsought." He

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loved softness, ease, adulation and power. The only reforms that he consistently stressed were those which were concerned with saloons, gambling, betting, Sunday amusements and the theatre. In the Puritan tradition these were the great and almost the only social evils, and they could all be attacked with the full approval of his audiences. And he was unquestionably a great orator.

Such are the main outlines of this "American portrait." Just what does Captain Hibben mean by this supplementary title? That Beecher was typical of American Puritanism? or a typical product of nineteenth-century America? In the preface and in a few other places are to be found expressions and suggested influences which seem to justify affirmative answers to either of these questions. In any case American Puritanism, or Calvinism, does not shine here with any great splendor.

About one-third of the book is taken up with the Bowen and Tilton cases and the various events related thereto. While the description of these repulsive facts is detailed and powerful, even dramatic, it is nowhere salacious or offensive to good taste. Undoubtedly the great majority of readers will conclude that Henry Ward Beecher was guilty of adultery in these two instances, if not in others. Every damning charge seems to be supported by an abundance of documentary evidence.

The titles of the sources cited in the text occupy ten pages of fine print, while the abbreviated citations themselves fill twelve pages of still finer print. By far the greater number of the productions referred to are not books but newspapers, magazines, speeches and private letters. Merely to ascertain, assemble and organize the raw material of the volume must have meant a stupendous amount of labor and patience. The man who seeks to discredit the accuracy of the portrait through a study of the original sources will have set himself a formidable if not a discouraging task.

The writing has been surpassingly well done. There is scarcely a dull paragraph in the book and very few that could be counted irrelevant. The whole story is told clearly, interestingly and forcefully. In more than one section of the book the most fitting epithet to characterize the description is "dramatic."

Why did Captain Hibben write this biography? Possibly in the interest of cold, historical truth. Possibly to establish the thesis which is rather definitely stated in the preface, namely, that the changes in religious opinion and outlook which Henry Ward Beecher adopted in the course of his rather long life paralleled and reflected the contemporary changes in the majority of his countrymen, that he "was articulate of the very intellectual processes and material growth by which the portentous America of today was evolving from the provincial, self-opinionated, ignorant and intolerant America of 1913." A supplementary but powerful motive in the mind of the author may have been a personal reaction against the gloom and narrowness of traditional American Calvinism with its lopsided morality and its admixture of externalism and apparent hypocrisies.

At any rate the tone of the biography is not one of sympathy with its subject. This is evident both in the narration of external events and in the interpretation of Beecher's psychology and psychological evolution. It is not impossible that the emphasis upon certain facts and personal qualities has been so placed as to present a picture which is not adequately fair to Henry Ward Beecher.

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Church Symbolism, by F. R. Webber. Cleveland: J. H. Jansen. $7.50.

IT IS, of course, idolatry to adore the symbol in place of the holy thing it symbolizes, and as Catholics we have never forgotten the Lord's commandment against the worshippers of images. It is, therefore, particularly stupid not to understand what the average carving or painting symbolizes, and we must confess to finding considerable ignorance on the part even of pretentious critics concerning the established symbols of the saints and sacraments of the Church.

Can there be any excuse for such an error as that of the famous Cossio mistaking Saint John the Baptist for the glorified soul of the Count of Orgaz; for the authorities of the Metropolitan Museum in classifying the statue of Saint Brigid of Sweden as the Madonna; or for my studio-friends pointing to the Infant figure holding the globe in His hand and calling it "their darling Saint John"—any excuse among our artists for their vast ignorance of Christian iconography?

Very much on the wane are the old-time violent revulsions against a Bible, Church and Heaven spelled in upper case, declares Mr. Webber who gives us some excellent chapters on The Purpose of Symbolism—that ancient alphabet of the unlettered—Old Testament Symbols, and The Sacramental Symbols. His illustrations are ample enough to elucidate his text and we have to thank him for an index of the symbols denoting the more important saints in Church art.

THOMAS WALSH.

The War Diary of the Emperor Frederick III, 1870-1871; translated and edited by A. R. Allinson. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company. $5.00.

THIS is a very remarkable and instructive book, inasmuch as it reveals to us, better than anything else had done before its publication, the difference between the real German mentality and the one which resulted from the politicial system inaugurated by Prince Bismarck. The Crown Prince Frederick of Germany was always known to have been an opponent of the Iron Chancellor, and this has been made a bitter reproach to him by his innumerable detractors. But never until now when this gentle, humane and wise prince stands revealed to us through a self-drawn picture, had the world suspected that outside of the nobility of his character and the purity of his soul, he was also a student of mankind and of history. Clearer than any of his contemporaries had ever done he saw the fatal consequences which were bound to follow this clinging to the false and brutal ideals embodied into German unity as it was conceived by the men who brought it about, without any thought as to all it might create and destroy, as years gradually consolidated it into the monstrous machine it had become during the last years before the great war.

The Crown Prince Frederick, who was to reign only three months, had never been given a chance to show the brilliant qualities which he possessed. Held in suspicion by his father, distrusted by Bismarck (who nevertheless never hesitated to make use of him or to appeal to him when he could not achieve his ends otherwise), disliked by the Junker party, abhorred by the militarists, and unpopular in the army, he was for his own misfortune aware of these facts, and not only saddened by them but also at times embittered. He was a German idealist, brought up in the principles of that school which at Weimar derived its inspiration from those two immortals, Goethe and Schiller. He believed in the Germany of Gretchen and of Werther, he trusted it, and he failed to see its transformation into another and how different one. He was a just man,, one who was always ready to admit an enemy's qualities and successes, but at the same time he was in certain respects firmer than his father, and far more imperialist than the latter, to whom everything which savored of the grandeur of Germany as against that of his own Prussian kingdom was abhorrent.

The diary which is published today reveals this feature in the character of the writer in a most striking manner. Apart from this its simple description of the Franco-German war of 1870 is refreshing to read when contrasted with the glowing and most of the time prejudiced accounts we have had about that struggle. It is not surprising that the prince felt afraid to keep the diary in Berlin or Potsdam, preferring to entrust it to Queen Victoria's keeping at Windsor. But at the same time, it does not astonish one that this step was bitterly criticized by both his father and the Iron Chancellor, the latter of whom perhaps feared the volumes contained far more disparaging things concerning the policy which he was carrying on than was actually the case.

"The longer this struggle lasts," he writes in one place, "the better for the enemy and the worse for us. The public opinion of Europe has not remained unaffected by the spectacle. We are no longer looked upon as the innocent sufferers of wrong, but rather as the arrogant victors, no longer content with the conquest of the foe, but fain to bring about his utter ruin. . . . In their sympathy with France men go so far as to hate Germany. In this nation of thinkers and philosophers, poets and artists, idealists and enthusiasts, the world will recognize nothing but a people of conquerors and destroyers, to which no pledged word, no treaty concluded, is sacred, which speaks with rude insolence of others that had done it no hurt. Utterly false as these views are, we cannot unfortunately deny their existence. True, we are indisputably the foremost people of the world in civilization, yet at the moment it must seem as though we are neither loved nor respected, only feared. Nor is this the consequence of this war only—so far has the theory, initiated by Bismarck and for years holding the stage, of 'blood and iron' brought us. What good to us is all power, all martial glory and renown, if hatred and mistrust meet us at every turn, if every step we advance in our development is a subject for suspicion and grudging? Bismarck has made us great and powerful, but he has robbed us of our friends, the sympathies of the world and—our conscience. A preponderance of quite another kind than that gained by mere force of arms was within our reach, for German culture, German science and German genius must have won us respect, love and—honor. The insolent, brutal 'Junker' willed it otherwise."

And a little further on the very eve of the proclamation of the new German empire at Versailles, he writes:

"To my chagrin I hear once more that at home, principally in Berlin, a temper of unbounded and embittered hostility to everything French prevails, everybody longing to be able to bring the whole nation absolutely to their knees: this seems to me to be as petty and narrow-minded as can possibly be but it is regarded as patriotism, and everyone thinking otherwise is loaded with abuse. Instead of bragging and boasting and giving themselves airs, it would really and truly be better for our countrymen if they rejoiced at our great successes in a quiet, dignified way, at the same time recognizing the fine persistency of the French in their devotion to the cause of their country. Besides, experience teaches us that those

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who are insolent in their triumph are always the first at the moment of reverse to fall into the opposite extreme. . . . Excessive indulgence in feelings of revenge is both injurious to our own character and lowers us in the eyes of contemporaries."

Yes, the Germany of Goethe and Schiller still existed in 1870, but it was receiving its death-blow. Before the man who had created the new Germany, the Germany of "blood and iron," had been driven out of power by another one even more violent and even more ruthless, this earlier Germany was buried, together with the prince who had represented its beautiful and poetic sides, in the Friedens Kirche of Potsdam.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

The House Made with Hands. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

THE first novel by the author of The House Made with Hands to appear in America was Miss Tiverton Goes Out; it caused a slight critical flutter on its appearance and has enjoyed a steady if not remarkable sale ever since. This Day's Madness followed Miss Tiverton, and at last the author's real "first novel" is presented to the American reading public. It is distinctly a fine book.

It deals with the life of a young girl. She is born into a perfect family; all her surroundings are ideal; so she conceives for them a consuming affection which centers in the house where she was born and reared. In time, of course, Barbara's parents die; one of her brothers and her sister are married, the other brother, the most dearly beloved of them all, is killed in the war. Barbara cannot afford to live at the Chestnuts, yet she does, until at last, as the result of a supreme, quixotic act of devotion to her adored house, she and it are destroyed in an air raid.

This is a slender story, told so as to leave much to one's imagination, yet it is very moving. Whoever the person may be who has produced these novels, he, or she, has done work which I dare say, will live longer than many a book that goes through 100,000 copies in its first season. I frankly confess that I cannot altogether account for the strength which these three novels—especially The House Made with Hands—possess. If The House Made with Hands is read closely, it fairly bristles with unpardonably careless English; pronouns hang about with uncertain antecedents; at best the style is pedestrian, and often there are abominable passages of "tall" writing. Yet, in some mysterious way, all this is forgiven and forgotten when one finishes the book.

For one thing, the author has an uncanny knack of stirring the reader's emotions; one finds oneself remembering long-forgotten things as one reads of Barbara's childhood: and this is undoubtedly a mark of sound writing. Another quality, which is so often conspicuously lacking in modern fiction, is the startling life with which the characters are endowed.

But perhaps the real reason for the strength of this book is that it means something, something more than the story of a seemingly abnormal young girl. She becomes a symbol of the human soul's desire for permanence. It is really stability to which she clings, change which she fears. The Chestnuts are to her the symbol of her old life, the life she cannot bear to see disappear. It is a very common human desire which Barbara bodies forth. And when at last she sees that nothing human can be stable or constant, she longs for a house "bigger than this little raging planet, bigger than all space. . . . But there was no way in unless God did for her what He had surely done for others—opened a door to His

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own bigness. . . . It would mean a great adventure indeed —immeasurably greater than that of building up a new home with Julius Caesar. But once it happened, you could never be afraid again—of life, or death, or loneliness, or love." The Chestnuts is destroyed, but Barbara no longer needs it. She has found a greater symbol.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

Europe in the Nineteenth Century (1789-1914) by A. J. Grant and H. W. V. Temperley. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $4.00.

FEW historians escape a natural trend to see the nationalistic mote in the eyes of states which are not "their own, their native land," while ignoring the beam in those of the latter. The authors of the present history of Europe in the Nineteenth Century are no exception to the rule. Yet as a whole their work is a good summary of European history for the past 150 years, considered from a fresh angle of vision, cosmopolitan and international, political and cultural, rather than military and religious.

In a clear yet colorful narrative parts one and two carry the reader from the Europe of the last decade of the eighteenth century to the 1815-1840 era of autocracy, constitutionalism and revolution. And despite the fact that the religious factor is subordinated in their historic design, it at times forces recognition. Thus, in Napoleonic France, we are told that: "The attempt to set up a constitutional Catholic church independent of Rome and the Pope had proved a dismal failure. . . . Religious France was at heart Catholic and a greater part of France was more religious than is usually assumed." And it is admitted (with the usual qualifications) that in Spain, at that time, "The strongest conscious sentiment of the people was probably devotion to the Church, and from the Church it derived much of its strength and cohesion in the great struggle."

In part three the authors dwell on "French, German and Russian imperialism" (1848-1871). As in parts four and five, "The Great Alliances and the Balance of Power" (1856-1914) and "Main Currents of European Movement" (development of nationalism, representative government, militarism and efforts toward European peace and unity in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries) they, albeit quite honestly, show a more nationalist than international outlook. This is facilitated by the substitution of an occasional résumé of the relations between Great Britain and the European continent for a continuous narrative of English history.

They make a fallacious distinction in favor of their native land, between militarism on sea and militarism on land; they see in the League of Nations, whose dominance by England was so clearly shown forth in the negligible results of the last League opium conference (despite the efforts of the Catholic Union) "a true parliament of the world"; and ignore the fact, so tersely put in a Commonweal editorial last year, that: "Nothing continues to discredit the League in American eyes more than the recurrent evidences that under its professions to be a league for free and open discussion, it is really a league for control." Of course, it may be said that, having dedicated it to Briand, Stressmann and Sir Arthur Chamberlain, the authors of the book are indifferent to American opinion.

However, if perused with reservation which will suggest themselves naturally to most American readers, Europe in the Nineteenth Century is a careful, constructive and highly interesting piece of historical writing.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

BRIEFER MENTION

Saint Thomas of Canterbury, by Sidney Dark. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

THE Great English Churchmen series, of which Mr. Dark is the editor, plans to issue sympathetic biographies of English saints and divines. Continuity in the Anglican Church is assumed; but though a Catholic would dissent from this premise, he can find little fault with the conclusions drawn from it so far. Mr. Dark's study of Saint Thomas is really the life of a saint—"a heroic figure whose life and death were of inestimable service to the Church which he loved and served; and the object of this book is to prove that this judgment squares with the facts and that no other judgment can be maintained if all the facts are considered." It is not particularly concerned with original sources, but displays a very comprehensive grasp of the secondary bibliography, which is treated with fine critical acumen. Here are some of Mr. Dark's conclusions: Becket did not seek the chancellorship under Henry II; he served the king with display but lived austerely; his conduct as primate of the English Church saved it from gross subservience of the kind which later came under Henry VIII; he died a hero and a martyr; and a candid historian cannot deny the authenticity of the miracles wrought at his tomb. The book, therefore, not only vindicates Saint Thomas against charges made by prejudiced historians, but gives a portrait of him that is easily the best available.

The Malletts, by E. H. Young. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

AS A part of the picturesque background are the daughters of General Mallett's first family: faded old belles, complimenting each other. Reginald, the son, whose London escapades are a delicious suspicion if not a certainty to his sisters, appears only vicariously, when his orphaned daughter comes down from her London boarding-house. Rose is the daughter of the General's second marriage, a perfect horsewoman, of unassailable beauty and coolness, who "lives dangerously" by crossing the bridge into the territory of Francis Sales, her rejected lover. Then Henrietta comes from London, and meeting Francis, acknowledges herself a Mallett, as she permits him to stir her being and enlist her sympathy, warmer than Rose's. Mrs. Sales, suffering child of ordinary folk, repels sympathy because she is ordinary, but Rose and Henrietta somehow come down justified. Is it that the external refinements and beauties of Nelson Lodge and the privileges of the Malletts, shroud them in a genteel glamour that dims any thought of the moral aspects of their case?

The Saints of Assisi, by E. Salisbury. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. 6 Shillings.

THERE are many lives of the saint of Assisi but there should be room for this one, for the tale is told in simple language, largely taken from well-known sources, especially the Fioretti, and there is a life of Saint Clare with her testament and the Canticle in Latin and English. These are followed by an account of the delightful Brother Juniper—Saint Francis once expressed a wish for a forest of such junipers—which consists of the extracts concerning him in the Fioretti, and a short life also of Blessed Brother Giles, the companion of Saint Francis. There are good pictures, from ancient sources, of Francis and Clare and altogether the book is excellent value for the money.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. Lamb.

"We take our lives from God," remarked Doctor Angelicus, piously adjusting to his eyes the new lens he has just received from the optician; "He chooses our parents for us and, with some vicarious burdens, we start upon our lives endowed with a free will more or less conditioned by the bodies we have inherited, developed or destroyed in our daily career. When we die we bequeath ourselves into the hands of our epitaph-maker or, in some contingencies, of our biographer. Some persons prepare autobiographies in an endeavor to get ahead of the suspicious activities of these post-morticians, and lay themselves out in advance with their favorite flower in their hand, their hair with its most becoming parting, and their most dignified smile of benevolence or challenge to the young critic of a future which they shall know only from the clouds of the seraphs or the industrial centres of Beelzebub.

" 'Paint me in the blue gown that matches my eyes,' craves the fading blonde; 'with the background of my law library,' orders the decaying statesman. 'Give me a good biographer,' demands the publicist in life or letters, 'one who will make my virtues patent, my vices not unattractive, my good deeds appear beneficent for my fellow man. Write closely, dear biographer, write brilliantly upon my dreary years, dramatically, lyrically, in fact. "Make me over, Mother April" '—and all this in the Novembers of their fame.

"We have had some parlous lives of our great ones; for instance, Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Gibbons, presidents, kings, novelists and poets, all have known these posthumous twinges in their graves (perhaps they have not registered them, that is, if we do not follow the Conan Doyle mediums) from poorly selected or improperly constituted biographers. Recently the Irish fictionist, Liam O'Flaherty, turned from his grilling novels to depict the shrewd old excellency Timothy Healy, and produced a work of such querky details that the still-living victim turned fiercely on his own historian and announced that he himself meditated writing a history of the life of his biographer. Since which time Mr. O'Flaherty has sagely concluded to return to his original fiction.

"Amy Lowell, foreseeing the native bent of her impending biographer and psycho-analyst, Clement Wood, gathered her skirts affrightedly round her rotund person and begged to be let off until nothing could reach her except the edge of the spade. Oh, the poor butterflies and insects transfixed on these biographical hatpins they have so industriously stuck into others during their own life-times! What museums they fill with their dried-out antennae, their dusty wings and cracking shells! What ghoulish feasts they provide for the rivals, the devotees, the advertising experts, the scandal-mongers, the angel genealogists, the table d'hôte publisher and lily-fingered essayist!

"How much of Samuel Johnson have we which is not Boswell? Through eternity these two shall pass in a Siamese-twinship that not the cleverest surgery can dissever. Think of the curse and the blessing brought to a reputation in the attention of a Carlyle or a Beyle!"

"How do you hope to escape this quandary, Doctor?" suggested Miss Amanuensa.

"There is no escape, Amanuensa. The Fates of the Greeks impose upon us here. 'Know thyself,' said the old philosopher; live your life, advised the Epicurean; do your duty, admonished the saints. I shall not be daunted by my biographer, Amanuensa. No, I shall rise at any hour in the morning and breakfast without consulting my servant or my sister-in-law; I shall

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tell the truth both night and day, and say my prayers at the appropriate moments. I shall love and praise my friends, and who gainsays me shall know my walking-stick. I shall kill the vermin in my path, let the humanitarian societies scream their fortissimo. I shall thwart the villainous approaches of disease, charity-collectors and institutions of universal brotherhood; my right hand shall not know how kind, or how lightsome, is the act of my sinister manual. I shall punch with Tunney, bat with the Bambino, laugh with Chesterton, and melt with the young and lovely poetesses, virginibus puerisque. Oh, you shall see me gleeful at the weddings; decorous at the funeral Mass; you will meet me shoulder to jowl at Sherry's and Pierre's, as well as in the juvenile play-houses, and the poetry-club basement restaurants of the Village. I shall be everywhere, sage Doctor, belated Pierrot, venerable admonisher of a generation which will take me, alas, only as a form of amusement. And when I am gone, let biographers do their best or worst to make good copy of me—so long as one or two gentle eyes shall know the suffusion of a tear. Let nobody send me violets, however—or attempt to cremate me or put Epstein monuments over me: otherwise, I am sure to come back to Mother Boothby's séances or Professor Crinotelli's radio-absorbers of cosmic atoms, and denounce the caitiffs.

"There in the gloomy back parlor my materialization shall hover among the group of desiccated old men and women who have paid their two dollars admission to see me. My embonpoint will be more or less diaphanous, my brows greenery-yellow, my double-chins heavily shadowed into ghastliness. In the medium's dressing sack or mother-hubbard, the wheezy spiritualists, the hysterical fat girl, the youth who has bitten off all his finger-nails, will thrill to hear me answer that I am happy in the world beyond, that I am fed by heavenly viands and really like the seraph cantatas as well as the cherubic jazz music. For them I shall be as real, and even more so, than most of the figures in our modern biographies. Why write our lives, I ask, if for the price of an ordinary book, you can go to one of our séances and meet us personally? My hand, clammy from Holy Cross Cemetery, will clasp with yours, if you have special reserved seats near the circle of my vaporous peregrinations. But let my one epitaph be taken from old Keyes of Caius college with his 'Fuit Caius'; engrave upon my very perishable American marble merely the words, 'Fuit Angelicus!'

"What's that? Did you say tea, Amanuensa?"

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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